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The Surrender in Washington

MR. DULLES can congratulate himself on his first diplomatic triumph. Just two months after Sir Winston Churchill launched the British peace initiative, Lord Salisbury has signed a communiqué in Washington that indicates clearly enough that, though the Americans are still finding it difficult to discipline Syngman Rhee, they have regained complete control over their Western allies.

We can see the dimensions of Lord Salisbury's surrender if we imagine for a moment that the Prime Minister had not been indisposed and the real Bermuda Conference had taken place. Let us recall the actual words with which he roused the hopes of millions throughout the world, and for which he was determined to fight at Bermuda:

> I must make it plain that, in spite of all the uncertainty and confusion in which world affairs are plunged, I believe that a conference on the highest level should take place between the leading Powers without long delay. This conference should not be overhung by a ponderous or rigid agenda, or led into mazes and jungles of technical detail, zealously contested by hordes of experts and officials drawn up in vast cumbrous array . . . It might well be that no hard-faced agreements would be reached, but there might be a general feeling among those gathered together that they might do something better than tear the human race, including themselves, into bits.

Sir Winston Churchill's purpose was clear—to break the East-West deadlock by personal contact, and in particular to convince the new rulers of Russia that the West has no designs against them and will do nothing to impede the liberalisation they have initiated. By such an informal meeting, he hoped that he could create an atmosphere in which formal conferences on specific problems would meet with some hope of success.

Whether Sir Winston won or lost, he would at least have made sure that this idea dominated the discussions at Bermuda. But what has happened in Washington? There the three Foreign Ministers, surrounded by "hordes of experts and officials drawn up in vast cumbrous array," at once smothered the Prime Minister's unconventional methods of diplomacy. But since the overwhelming public support he had gained could not be disregarded, something must be substituted for it. Naturally enough their minds turned to Germany. On this subject the Foreign Ministers or their deputies have been wrangling on and off since 1945, and the dreary comedy of the Palais Rose was continued last spring and summer in an even drearier exchange of diplomatic Notes, with the Russians repeating their impossible demand "Back to Potsdam", and the West replying with its equally impossible demand "Forward to free elections and German rearmament." Here was a field where contact with the Russians could be resumed in the confident assurance that it would speedily re-create the atmosphere of Cold War. But to make assurance doubly sure, the Foreign Ministers have preceded their invitation to M. Molotov with a long series of preconditions. The Western Powers, they tell us, will enter the resumed negotiations on Germany irrevocably committed to the following propositions:

1. Whatever happens at the conference, Atlantic rearmament will be continued.
2. Whatever happens at the conference, the E.D.C. (including its twelve German divisions) must be established.
3. Whatever happens at the conference, the Little Federation of Western Europe and the Schuman Plan must go on.

Provided the Russians accept all this in advance, the U.S., Britain and France cordially invite them to resume discussions on free elections and the establishment of a united German Government.

Whether the Kremlin accepts or rejects this invitation is a secondary matter of psychological warfare tactics. What matters is that it is couched in a form which makes a genuine effort at peace-making as difficult as possible. On May 11, Sir Winston observed: "I am anxious that nothing in the presentation of foreign policy by the Nato Powers should supersede or take the emphasis out of what may be a profound movement of Russian feeling." Now, on his behalf, Lord Salisbury has agreed to a presentation of foreign policy by the Nato Powers which not only supersedes and takes the emphasis out of the liberalising and conciliatory tendencies in Russia,

but seems expressly designed to crush them before they get so strong that they cannot be resisted.

During recent weeks we have expressed in these columns our doubts whether Sir Winston's speech of May 11 expressed more than his personal view, and in particular whether it had the support of his Cabinet. These doubts are tragically confirmed. With the Prime Minister confined to Chartwell, the Government has surrendered the independence he briefly gained and given up his attempt to mediate between East and West.

This throws a heavy responsibility on the Labour Opposition, which next week has obtained a two-day debate on foreign affairs. In this debate it will be Mr. Attlee's duty not merely to support the Prime Minister, as he rightly supported him two months ago, but to replace him as the spokesman of the British people. He must point out the deadly contrast between Sir Winston's stand and Lord Salisbury's surrender, and make it clear that the Labour Party will fight that surrender in the House and in the country. It is long since a British initiative has been so shamefully or so speedily betrayed.

The Far East and Korea

The separate communiqué dealing with Far Eastern policy shows just as clearly how far Lord Salisbury capitulated in Washington to the rigid attitude of Mr. Dulles. An armistice in Korea is not to be followed by the admission of China into the U.N., nor by a relaxation of trade embargoes on Chinese trade. The relations between France and the kingdoms of Cambodia, Laos and Viet Nam are now on a satisfactory footing, and the war against the Viet Minh is "essential to the free world." The fact that France is being bled white in this struggle is not even mentioned. As for Korea, the Foreign Ministers do little to clarify the obscure situation left by the talks between Syngman Rhee and President Eisenhower's personal representative, Mr. Robertson. The desirability of a truce is reaffirmed, with the implication that it is to be followed by a political conference on the future of Korea. If, after an armistice, the Communists resort to fresh aggression, the three Powers undertake "to restore peace and security" by repelling it. It is apparently assumed that Syngman Rhee's assurances to Mr. Robertson exclude the possibility of a breach of the truce by South Korean forces —at least until after the political conference.

At that conference, the Foreign Ministers declare that they will "pursue every effort to assist the stout-hearted and sorely tried Koreans to reunite peacefully under institutions of their own choosing." But to imagine that there is any chance of an agreed reunification of Korea on terms acceptable both to the Communists and Syngman Rhee is sheer delusion. If the conference results in stalemate, and Syngman Rhee proceeds to carry out his declared intention of securing unification by force of arms, relying on the military and economic aid apparently promised him by the U.S., what is to be the British attitude? There is no hint in the communiqué that Lord Salisbury made it plain that the Commonwealth would reject the idea of fighting for Syngman Rhee in such a cause, or that he shares the view of enlightened French opinion that negotiations with Ho Chi Minh are essential in Indo-China.

Mr. Butler on the Outlook

The latest trade returns, on which Mr. Butler commented on Monday in his speech on the Third Reading of the Finance Bill, are by no means encouraging. Despite a rise in exports to America—mainly to Canada—the trade gap has widened again. Exports to most areas are unsatisfactory; and it seems unlikely that the recent relaxation of import restrictions in Australia will do more than a very little to improve the situation. How far the state of exports is due to lack of markets and how far to firms' preference for selling all they can at home is a moot point: both factors are obviously at work. The rising trend of imports, on the other hand, is evidently much influenced by re-stocking with essential supplies—to which some coal is now to be added in view of the lowness of present stocks. Mr. Butler was, of course, probably correct in saying that the principal remedy is to be sought in higher productivity; but that alone will hardly save us if anything goes wrong with the American market, or if American aid to Europe is seriously cut, or again, if the terms of trade, which have been moving in our favour during the past year, turn once more against us—as they may. The report published this week by G.A.T.T. gives a clear indication of the dangers ahead. United States trade policy is under special investigation which will rule out any major changes for probably a year to come—and the changes, when they are made, may easily make matters worse rather than better. The existing G.A.T.T. agreements are running out, and may or may not be renewed. The present level of world trade, the G.A.T.T. report emphasises, is dependent on American aid, and a fall in this would almost certainly be followed by a fresh round of restrictions on imports. G.A.T.T. meets again in September, but nothing much can be done in face of the uncertainties about American policy. Meanwhile, Japan is knocking at G.A.T.T.'s door, and whether it is let in or not, its goods will offer increasing competition in the restricted market.

Oil Price-fixing

On July 7 the Standard Oil of New Jersey subsidiaries, Esso Petroleum and Cleveland Petroleum, announced a halfpenny rise in the price of their petrol marketed in the U.K. The cause was said to be a recent advance in "world oil prices." Two days later Shell-Mex and B.P. (Royal Dutch-Shell and Anglo-Iranian) and the rest followed suit. Between the wars it was accepted that the American Gulf market decided "world oil price," for the United States did the bulk of the world's oil business. Today, however, the U.S. is a net importer of oil, and in the first quarter of this year 90 per cent. of Britain's crude oil imports came from the Middle East. Why should America, a high-cost producer, determine the "world oil price" and, in particular, the price of petrol in Great Britain where there is an excess refinery capacity and where import costs have been brought down by the slump in tanker freight rates over the past twelve months? Significantly, Esso Petroleum disclosed bumper profits for 1952 a few days after its price announcement. And if anyone should be in doubt that the major oil companies act together in the fixing of "world oil prices," the Gulf Oil Company announced on July 10 that its Kuwait subsidiary was raising its Kuwait crude oil price by 25 cents a barrel (Gulf Oil is a fifty-fifty partner of the Anglo-Iranian in Kuwait). Since "world oil price" agreements are now clearly a monopolistic practice, the British Government should take steps to prevent our own price level being determined by them.

Ultimatum in Egypt

As we write, it is still too early to know whether General Festing's high-handed action in Ismailia will produce the same kind of disastrous consequences which followed General Erskine's attempt to restore law and order in the same town in January of last year. In the House of Lords, Lord Reading stated that the General had not consulted the Foreign Office, though he was acting well within his legal rights in setting up control points and instituting searches in order to liberate the airman abducted by the Egyptians. Of course he is. But the real question is whether it is wise for the Commander of the troops in the Canal Zone to use such methods before redress has been sought through normal diplomatic channels. If we want to demonstrate to the Egyptians that British control of the Base makes a mockery of Egyptian sovereignty this is certainly a good way of doing so. As a prelude to the reoccupation of Cairo, it makes sense. As the action of a Power genuinely seeking an agreed settlement of the Suez problem it makes no sense at all.

Market in Practices

At the B.M.A. meeting, at Cardiff, a resolution was carried demanding that the right to buy and sell practices, abolished by the National Health Service Act, should be restored. It was a meaningless gesture. What was significant was the narrow majority of seven. Six years ago this was one of the issues on which the B.M.A. fulminated against Mr. Aneurin Bevan when he proposed to end this commercial traffic in patients. But, this year, the lead against the resolution was taken by the chairman of the General Services Committee who pointed out (quite rightly) that such a reactionary move would find little support even from the Conservatives. He did not even think it would have the support of the profession, and quoted an opinion-sample, taken among 60 doctors in Bromley, which showed only a third in favour of return to the old system. The younger doctors had no doubts. Few today could find the thousands of pounds necessary to set them up in practice. But there were 144 die-hards in Cardiff, not yet convinced of the self-evident fact that the basic principles of the National Health Service are no longer a political issue.

Out of Prison

When the Home Office Committee on Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies began work in March, 1951, the atmosphere in which it did so was inauspicious. Although the appointment of Sir Alexander Maxwell as its chairman was reassuring, its members were nearly all Prison

Commissioners or officials of the much-criticised Societies, in most of whom the function of self-criticism seemed unlikely to be strong enough to propose certain changes vital to the work of "after-care." Its Report, published last Friday, completely refutes the doubters; it has done everything it was thought unlikely to do. It recognises the duty of the State to provide "tide-over" maintenance for the newly discharged prisoner; sweeps away the present complicated system of Government grants to the D.P.A. Societies in favour of a flat 50 per cent. on all their approved expenditure; and above all recommends that the Societies, in view of the State welfare services now as available to ex-prisoners as to anyone else, should "deepen and develop" their interest in after-care—as distinct from mere "aid on discharge." The relatively amateur "welfare officers" at present maintained by the Societies in some of the prisons would be displaced by a system of trained social workers in all prisons, and would then be available for "field work" among the many former prisoners at present in such obvious need of help. Since this has always been a numerical problem rather than one of goodwill, there would also be an immediate need (the Report does not refer to it) of a national system of "D.P.A." auxiliaries, sound citizens ready to befriend the discharged man, spiritually rather than materially, in the numerous matters that official relationships can seldom touch. The Committee is to be congratulated on an excellent Report.

PARIS

Colonial Entanglements

Our Paris Correspondent writes: M. Laniel's announcement that, subject only to limitations "freely consented," Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos are to have "complete independence," has left many people here still concerned with the main question: "Will it speed up the end of the Vietnam war?" For there is a party who has *not* been consulted—Ho Chi Minh. *Franc-Tireur* remarks rather grimly that all that is being given now to Bao Dai and the Kings of Laos and Cambodia could have been given to Ho seven years ago, and a lot of blood and endless money would have been saved. Was the Laniel statement then just the official confession of the failure of policy? What, indeed, is the basis of the new arrangement? Is it not that *in time* Bao Dai, and the Kings of Laos and Cambodia will have enough troops to manage without the French? That is the Plan on which Marshal Juin and General Navarre have been working with MM. Laniel and Reynaud. Can it be anything but a long-term plan? And is Bao Dai meantime (which is just conceivable, but certainly not part of the *present* French plan) to come to terms with Ho Chi Minh?

Colonial problems have indeed been in the centre of things in Paris. The fury of the *colons* in Morocco over the highly effective campaign for a New Deal in North Africa conducted by M. Mauriac and his France-Maghreb committee was reflected in the quite unprecedented outburst against Mauriac by Marshal Juin (former Resident at Rabat) in the stuffy atmosphere of the Académie Française to which he had just been elected. In his reply in the *Figaro*, Mauriac struck out at the Marshal with almost un-Christian violence, and the person who got an even blacker eye was El Glaoni, the notorious Pasha of Marrakesh, who has come to symbolise the alliance of the worst kinds of feudalism and colonialism. Meantime General Guillaume has arrived in Paris, bringing to the Quai d'Orsay a letter from the Sultan in which the famous "petition" by the 250 Pashas and Caids asking that he be deposed is shown up as a particularly clumsy put-up job. The Sultan requests that the French Government get down at last to a serious discussion of Franco-Moroccan relations, instead of allowing all this mischievous trouble to be artificially stirred up.

As for Tunisia, the murder of Prince Azzedin has helped to poison once again an atmosphere which seemed to be gradually improving. The killing remains mysterious. If the dead heir to the Beylical throne was (unlike the Bey) reputed to be a "French stooge," Prince Sadok, who is next in the line of succession, is considered even more so.

ACCRA

Forward Steps in the Gold Coast

A Correspondent writes: Two weeks ago the Government of the Gold Coast issued a White Paper proposing a new series of constitutional changes towards self-government. Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, the Prime Minister of the Gold Coast, has now carried these proposals a logical step further by tabling a motion in the House of Assembly at Accra asking that the British Government, "as soon as the necessary constitutional and administrative arrangements for independence have been made," should introduce "an Act of Independence declaring the Gold Coast a sovereign and independent State within the Commonwealth." The timing of these proposals and the general trend of Dr. Nkrumah's speech suggest that they are put forward with the approval of the Governor, Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, and therefore with the knowledge of the Colonial Office.

Perhaps the most important of the transitional changes proposed in the White Paper is for the removal from the Executive Council (now to be called Cabinet) of the *ex-officio* Ministers—British colonial servants—who have authority over External Affairs, Defence, Justice, and Finance. Alongside of the African Ministers of Justice and Finance there would be, respectively, an Attorney-General, who would be a civil servant, and an Economic Adviser—both of these, presumably, British appointments. There would also be an Auditor-General who could be removed only on the recommendation of a two-thirds majority of the Assembly. Pending Dominion status, the Governor would be responsible for External Affairs and Defence, for which subjects there would be no elected Minister. He would also be responsible for internal security and the police, but the new proposals would at least enable police matters to be discussed in the Assembly—a useful advance on the present position, where the police are effectively outside Parliamentary inquiry altogether. The Gold Coast would also acquire some influence in deciding senior appointments in the public service, although Dr. Nkrumah has lately made it clear that "for some years we shall have to continue to rely on the services of oversea officers."

All these are, of course, proposals for political advance within an imperialist economic structure which includes the Federation of Central Africa, South Africa, and the Sterling Balances. They will give Gold Coasters a great deal of scope for self-government and self-administration. What they will not do, manifestly, and are not intended to do, is to loosen the economic supremacy of British economic interests; and this, no doubt, is one reason why a Conservative Government can accept them

WASHINGTON

Setback for McCarthy

A Correspondent writes: The case of J. B. Matthews has ended in a serious defeat for Senator McCarthy. On June 22, the Senator hired him to take charge of the investigating staff of his Senate Committee. Mr. Matthews, who has been a clergyman, a close associate of the Communists, and then research director for the Dies Committee, is said to maintain the largest personal file on the U.S. Communists, and is certainly an experienced player of the McCarthy game. But just before he was appointed by McCarthy, he had written an article for the *American Mercury* in which he accused "Protestant clergymen" of forming "the largest single group supporting the Communist apparatus."

The protests which followed the announcement of Mr. Matthews's appointment were widespread and interdenominational. Answering a letter from the National Conference of Christians and Jews, President Eisenhower at last hit sharply at Senator McCarthy, who had announced that he stood by Mr. Matthews. "Generalised and irresponsible attacks," said the President, "betray contempt for the principles of freedom and decency." Since the three Democratic members of the McCarthy Committee had already demanded Mr. Matthews's resignation, and had been joined by Senator Potter, the crippled veteran who is a Republican from Michigan, the President's intervention was decisive. Within an hour, Mr. Matthews had resigned.

But this was not the end of the case. The next day, McCarthy went to his Committee and insisted that, as chairman, he alone had the right to hire and dismiss the Committee's staff. By this time, however, Senators Symington and Jackson had persuaded Senator McClellan, the senior Democrat on the Committee, whose Southern conservatism is beyond question, to join them in taking the sensational step of resigning from the Committee. At the beginning of this week, it seemed unlikely that any Democrats would be found to take their places.

Senator McClellan's decision to join this protest was followed by the even more remarkable attack by Byrd of Virginia—the arch-conservative of the Senate—who insisted that Mr. Matthews support his indictment of the Protestant clergy "or stand convicted as a cheap demagogue, willing to blacken the character of his fellow Americans for his own notoriety and personal gain." This conjunction of the Right-wing and Fair Deal Democrats against McCarthy is a new and important development. For it means that, if the President is at last willing to move slowly towards a showdown with McCarthy, and can carry his usual Senate supporters with him, there may well be created an anti-McCarthy coalition in the Senate. It is not so certain that such Senate manœuvres will do McCarthy much damage in the country at large, where his strength lies.

McCarthy himself has sought to cover his defeat in this encounter by launching a new attack on the Administration—this time against the Central Intelligence Agency, which is run by Allen Dulles, brother of the Secretary of State. So far, however, the Secretary has refused to permit officials of this top-secret agency to testify before McCarthy's Committee. The question that is now being asked is whether McCarthy's Committee can survive as an effective body if the Democrats continue to boycott it. It is too soon to say that McCarthy is on the run. But the events of the last week show that his campaign can at least be halted if his opponents can find the courage to combine.

Inquiry in the Dark

By insisting that the Evans inquiry be held in secret and then rushing it because of his decision not to reprieve Christie, the Home Secretary has made it certain that the Evans-Christie murder trials would strengthen the case for abolishing the death penalty. The abolitionist movement has taken a long step forward. Nor will public opinion fail to notice that this inquiry into the seeming infallibility of the law and the police service has been conducted by a lawyer and a policeman. To remark upon that unfortunate pairing of circumstances is not to impugn the good faith of the investigators. But it ought to have been obvious, to anyone concerned to ensure that justice should be *seen* to be done, that the police and the law should be witnesses, not arbiters, at such an inquiry.

As Mr. R. T. Paget, Q.C., pointed out in a powerful article in *Reynolds' News* on Sunday, there was a precisely similar inquiry into the case of Walter Graham Rowland at Manchester in 1947, while Rowland lay under sentence of death for the murder of Olive Balchin. In another prison a man named Ware had just confessed to the crime, in a detailed statement that exactly fitted all the known facts; and the Court of Criminal Appeal refused to hear him when it considered Rowland's appeal against conviction. During the Home Secretary's inquiry (by a lawyer and two policemen) he withdrew his confession. Rowland was duly hanged; and two years later Ware, giving himself up to the Bristol police for clubbing another woman in exactly the same way, was found to have an irresistible impulse to do these things and was sent to Broadmoor.

But there are probabilities in the Evans-Christie case that make it even more disturbing than this. The judgment of the Court of Criminal Appeal in Evans's case, upholding the admission of evidence about the mother's death in a charge concerning only that of the child, stressed what it called the "overwhelming probability" that both were killed by the same person. The removal of Evans meant that Christie became the only man who could challenge that proposition. Having now publicly challenged it, he has been privately questioned and put to death. "Christie's statements that he was responsible for the death of Mrs. Evans were not only unreliable but were untrue," says Mr. Scott Henderson. That they were unreliable is clear. But what is the evidence that they were untrue? The Report cites none which can be held to be conclusive. Indeed, the transcript of Christie's death-cell evidence, which is published as an appendix, strongly suggests that, by that stage at any rate, Christie had lost all power of distinguishing between objective reality and his fantasies.

To say that his word is unreliable and then to assume that particular parts of his full confession are true and particular parts untrue, is unwarrantable, unless there is conclusive corroborative evidence. In this case, no such evidence has been made available to the public: presumably it would have been if it existed. The original evidence against Evans would have looked hopelessly threadbare in the light of Christie's subsequent confession. Yet that confession can be discredited only by the assumption of Evans's guilt.

None of this proves Mr. Scott Henderson's findings wrong. It does, however, mean that they cannot be accepted as indubitably correct. If, in other words, this week's inquiry had been to determine whether it was Evans or Christie who had to hang for the murder of Mrs. Evans and the child, the public conscience could never feel happy about the hanging of Evans on the basis of the Scott Henderson findings.

Naturally enough, in the light of criticism, Mr. Scott Henderson's report goes at some length into the question whether his inquiry should have been a public or a private one; and, again not unnaturally, concludes that it was rightly private. He "mentions some reasons why a private inquiry was desirable, having regard to the very special nature of the investigation to be carried out"; and there are four of them. First, "it would not have been proper" to see Christie in public, which is a mere variant on its not being "desirable." Secondly, he had to study the evidence for himself. Thirdly, the evidence of the lawyers and the policemen would not have been forthcoming at a public inquiry on grounds of "privilege" (which may be true of the lawyers but cannot be true of the policemen). And fourthly, it was necessary to shield some witnesses from publicity—which can always be done at discretion.

None of these reasons is strong enough to outweigh the argument that, in this involved and gravely disturbing story, all the evidence should have been reviewed in public. The million-to-one coincidence of the two stranglers in the same little house will never win preference, in the public mind, over the fact that a possible injustice is forever concealed because we have killed the only two men who knew the truth.

Challenge to Britain

IV. The Land and Food Production

The Labour Party policy draft makes some dozen suggestions for increasing the efficiency of land use. Some of them, such as the establishment of comparable wage scales, the abolition of the tied cottage, the extension of the amenities of life to rural workers, are unexceptionable. Others, such as the provision of more and cheaper credit for farmers, the establishment of district standards of agricultural output, a drive for more agricultural co-operation, are arguable. Others again—and these the fundamental ones—the provision of fixed capital for the improvement of permanent equipment, the guarantee of farm incomes, and the control of local farm practice by County Executive Committees, are put forward without any apparent appreciation of the serious problems involved.

The demand for more and cheaper credit to augment the farmer's working capital is a little unreal. Bank and merchant credits are still available, and, as more than one Member speaking in the agricultural debate in the House on July 1 pointed out, the increased charge is no more than £10 per £1,000 of credit for each advance of 1 per cent. in the interest rate, so that any farmer who is credit-worthy is not prejudiced by the cost. Any "appropriate organisations" designed to provide working capital will certainly be landed with all the lame ducks of the industry, while the co-operative credit societies of Continental agriculture would be quite unworkable under the extraordinarily diversified structure of British farming. The principle of co-operative credit is going bail for one another; and while this may work well enough amongst peasant communities farming on the same scale and standard, it is obviously unsuited in places where the 25-acre smallholder and the farmer of 1,000 acres upwards may be farming side by side for entirely different markets. For this reason, amongst others, any attempts to establish a "standard output per acre" for each district and to extend agricultural co-operatives are hardly practicable.

The real problems of national agricultural policy centre for the most part in the remaining suggestions of *Challenge to Britain*—capital for the permanent re-equipment of the land, guaranteed markets and prices for the farmer's produce, and the effective application of the Agriculture Act, 1947, to the administration of the land. In each of these matters, the present policy is the evolution, or more correctly perhaps, the mere continuation of the policy of the war-time Coalition Government. While it may be said that the need for maximum production is as great, or even greater, today, the stark simplicity of the war-time economy calls for far more reconsideration than it has had from either party. In war, the Minister's course was clear: he had to produce more food and produce it quickly. Thus, costs did not matter, and the old shibboleths of what constituted good farming—the sacrosanctity, for example, of permanent grassland, and the rotation of crops—could go by the board. What he had to do was to give the farmers big financial rewards for everything demanded of them, whatever the challenge to the traditions of good farming; and to flourish the big stick over the backs of those who would not play. The big stick took the form of County Agricultural Committees, made up of landlords, farmers and workers, to which were delegated the Minister's powers to dictate the course of farming. On the whole, the policy worked, and by the end of the war money was pouring into farmers' pockets as never before in living memory, and output of food had been raised, though not proportionately.

In all this work, Mr. Hudson, the then Minister, had the assistance of Mr. Tom Williams, who succeeded him after the General Election of 1945. It would be fair to say that Labour as a party has always been better informed about urban than about rural industry, and it was entirely uncritical when Mr. Williams proceeded to perpetuate the war-time policy in the first years of peace. In effect, however, this boiled down to the continuation and even to the increase of the financial inducements to farmers, while the big stick was put back into the cupboard. Agriculture was suffering from two generations of starvation of capital equipment: the best that the Government could do—indeed, the best that another Government can do today—was to guarantee profits to the industry on a scale sufficient to cover the cost of the renewal of the permanent equipment. Be it noted, there was no compulsion about it. These "injections of capital" might be spent in any other way; and be it noted, further, that even this remedy for the notorious dilapidation

of the equipment of the land applied to only a part of the area under cultivation, the land of the owner-occupiers. Under the usual contract of tenancy, it is the landlord and not his tenant who is responsible for the erection of new buildings and the maintenance of old ones, and the time-lag in changes in farm rentals makes it long before the landlord gets his fair share in the artificial prosperity of farming today.

The suggestion of *Challenge to Britain* is that the February Price Review, which guarantees prices and markets, "will continue to be used as a means of fixing prices." How extra fixed capital of all kinds is to be "made available for buildings, drainage and water supply schemes," if it is to be divorced from the price policy, is not explained. On the other hand, it is stated categorically that the yearly Price Review "will not be used to make changes in the balance of production between different crops." This ties up with the whole question of the administration of the land: when the nation is paying the piper, surely it can call the tune? The reason given for any other course is that "farmers must be able to make long-term production plans without fear that they will be upset by sudden reversals in Government policy"—an example of the lack of technical knowledge of the farming industry in the Labour Party. The State may want more wheat for human food, or more oats for cattle fodder, while the farmer may want to catch a boom market in barley for brewing. "Long-term production plans" are not going to be seriously upset if the Government indicates national advantage in cereal production by an emphasis on this or that crop in the Price Review. If production is not to be guided by price, it must be done by Direction Orders to each individual; and there is no doubt which farmers would prefer, and in which administrative simplicity lies. As to the County Agricultural Executive Committees, the draft is satisfied that they "have an important part to play in the drive for greater production." Is not the position rather that without the stimulus of war, and with farming settled down to a routine of unparalleled prosperity, the County Committees, too, have settled down to an easy way of life? Surely they would be quite redundant in the major reorganisation of land administration for which every condition in rural England today—the competition for land, the location of industry, the development of food production, the improvement of rural standards of life—is crying out?

This brings me to the fundamental weakness, the main disappointment of the land reform proposals of *Challenge to Britain*. There is a tacit assumption that, in its basic organisation, nothing is seriously amiss with the food production industry. Farmers may want more capital, advanced at lower interest rates; something must, perhaps, be done about the maintenance and replacement of the permanent equipment of the land; a little ginger may be needed under the tails of the County Agricultural Executive Committees if the provisions of the Agriculture Act, 1947, for securing good estate management and farming are to be implemented. Surely all this suggests no more than a policy of bits and pieces, a tinkering with a structure evolved hastily to meet a war-time emergency, nothing more, in fact, than a shoring-up of a system of land tenure admitted on all sides, however reluctantly by some, to have served its day. Nothing, apparently, is contemplated to secure, for example, the rectification of farm boundaries, and the amalgamation of hopelessly planned farms and odd little bits of land into efficient units; nothing to secure the filling of farms coming on the market by competent farmers with knowledge and experience; nothing to stop the waste of land by "hobby farming," and to give the young man with brains a chance; nothing to interfere with the vast traffic in land carried on not to advance food production but to enable the wealthy investor's estate to escape some 50 per cent. of the normal rate of death duty; nothing, in short, to secure that the millions of public money now being pumped into the land will do much more than give, even to the mediocre farmer, a standard of comfort not guaranteed to any other section of society, and to augment the value of one particular form of private property—landed estate.

Surely the thing fundamental to agrarian reform is State acquisition of all agricultural land. None of the desired reforms can be brought about, none of the abuses corrected, so long as the ownership of land remains in private hands. In the days of Gladstone and before the Labour Party was born, Left-wing Liberals were turning to this solution of the land problem. It has always had a place in any Socialist programme. Neither conveyance from private hands into public ownership, nor the subsequent machinery of administration, present any difficulty; and it will be a cause of surprise and disappointment to many that *Challenge to Britain* has nothing to say upon this vital issue, which offers the only permanent solution to the problems of efficiency in farming and maximum food production.

C. S. Orwin

London Diary

Experts on Soviet Russia are very like archæologists. Half a dozen facts and a couple of inscriptions are given; their job is to construct a world. It is great fun juggling with these data, and those who know the language promptly adopt as their own one of a hundred possible permutations and combinations, declare it to be the absolute truth, and denounce all other experts as humbugs. In the case of the fall of Beria, the facts permit of three general lines of interpretation with any number of differences of emphasis. Since Beria was Chief of Police and also recently head of the Home Department, it is held that he must have been responsible for the loosening up of Soviet policy and that he is being liquidated because of the consequent results in Eastern Germany and elsewhere. Hence it is argued that we are about to witness a return to a tough Stalinism. The strong arguments against this are that Beria has notoriously been one of the toughest Security chiefs and that in fact the "loosening" policy appears to be unaffected by his arrest. An alternative is that Beria, the ruthless purger, has opposed Malenkov's new policy and is paying the penalty for opposing the other two triumvirs. There is, however, yet a third possibility, which seems to me the most likely. It is that Beria had no special responsibility for Soviet foreign policy or control in the satellite countries, but that he stood for the Stalinist war economy of more police and less consumer goods in Russia, which had become impossible even before Stalin died and which the triumvirate at once agreed to reverse. According to this, I think plausible, argument, Beria acquiesced in the relaxing policy but secretly plotted to build up personal power for himself which, as police chief and Minister for Internal Affairs, he was in an excellent position to do.

* * *

You can pick up odd bits and pieces of evidence and make them fit in with these theories as you like. It is true, for instance, that he and Malenkov in the past have appeared to be very close friends, or at any rate, to have been closely united in keeping aloof from all Western contacts. He is reported to have told Mr. Bohlen, the American Ambassador, that it was his principal job to make Soviet democracy work by seeing that the public held the right views. The terms of *Pravda's* indictment are not very important, since a fallen politician in Russia is as automatically accused of plotting with Western Powers against the Soviet Union as a defaulting soldier is accused in the British Army of committing an offence against the Army Act. But the additional charge that he was plotting to seize power for himself sounds more likely. Reports that his arrest was received with joy throughout the country are common form. In Beria's case, such stories are more likely than usual to have a measure of truth in them. As head of the police, with the worst of reputations, he is likely to have been at least as unpopular as the infamous Yagoda, who was responsible for murdering so many good Communists and was then executed himself for the crimes he had attributed to others. Finally—and the only really important bit of evidence—the signs at present are that the new appeasing policy of the U.S.S.R. is being continued since Beria's arrest.

* * *

Meanwhile the spring-cleaning of the Stalin attic goes on. Lysenko, not long ago the dictator of orthodoxy, has been thrown in the dust bin, phoney genetics, Order of Lenin and all. The Academy of Sciences, which outraged the scientific world by imposing his doctrine and denouncing those who stood by their scientific opinions, has now condemned Lysenko's Institute for "failing to make theoretical contributions of practical value." And that's that; because the only basis of "Lysenkoism" was that this peasant-scientist, disciple of the green-fingered Michurin, could produce results, and his philosopher friend, Prezent, could find Marxist justification for them. The story went that Muscovites whispered to each other the crack that: "If the baby is like its father, that is bourgeois, idealistic, mystical Mendelianism. If it's like the lodger, that's sound Marxist Lysenkoism." Remember that Lysenko was supported by the Communist Party and by the Supreme Soviet, of which he was a member. The Academy submitted. They supported Lysenko, denounced the "heretics" like Professors Schmalhausen, Zavadovsky, Shebradse and Dubinin. Directors of non-conformist institutes were removed. Yuri Zhdanov recanted and confessed his error in accepting Mendel-Morgan genetics. Outside Russia, statistical geneticists, of whom Prof. J. B. S. Haldane is probably the most distinguished, were denounced as "reactionary," "mystical," "obscurantist," "feeble," "bourgeois" and "unscientific." Haldane did not recant; he just withdrew quietly from the controversy and from the Board of the *Daily Worker*. I presume that the present Board of the *Daily Worker* will now resign.

* * *

The meeting which launched the British-Asian Socialist Fellowship last Saturday was by no means the tame official gathering that the cynics expected. On the contrary, I gather that the rank-and-file delegates listened politely to the speeches from the platform, and then took over themselves. They were pleased to make Mr. Attlee the President of the new organisation. But as soon as Harry Earnshaw, in the chair, proposed that its

Secretary should be Saul Rose, of the Labour Party's International Department, the uproar began. Though, for technical reasons, someone working in Transport House can best cope with the early stages of organisation, the traditional suspicions had been aroused. The conference wanted an Asian as Secretary. All right, the platform conceded, Mr. Rose should have an Asian "assistant." Order was only restored when an Asian was accepted as Joint Secretary, with equal status. The elections proceeded like an Irish wedding. For once, delegates felt, they had been given a chance to choose their leaders without a block vote hanging over their heads. They urged each of the Asian speakers on the platform to accept office; then persuaded an Indian to become joint Vice-chairman with Lady Selwyn Clarke, and elected, along with Fenner Brockway and Desmond Donnelly, an Indian, an Israeli and a young man from Ceylon as the interim committee. The officers and the committee would report back to another conference a year from now, said Harry Earnshaw. Not at all, the delegates cried. Another conference in six months, and this time the documents must be circulated in advance. Moved and carried. I have no doubt that the local parties, to judge from the delegates they sent to Beaver Hall, will eagerly support anything that looks both effective and radical. But I am not so sure that the platform, which simply wanted a counter to Communist "fronts," and the floor, which wanted a genuinely independent organisation, had the same ends in view.

* * *

Dr. Marie Stopes has reproduced in pamphlet form her unpublished evidence to the Royal Commission on the Press. It can be obtained from her direct at 108, Whitfield Street, London, W.1, price 6d. Surprisingly, it is a restrained, factual and unsentimental document which should be widely read especially, perhaps, by sincere Roman Catholics who believe that the Vatican does not seek to exercise power by devious means. Dr. Stopes supports by photostat evidence her charge of sudden changes in newspaper advertising policy towards her clinics, books and even advertisments of her poems. She includes copies of her letters to various papers, including *The Times*, with blank spaces where the answers from *The Times* would have appeared if Colonel Astor had given permission. In some cases a group of energetic people were able, she suggests, to make so much fuss in Southern Ireland about references to contraception and birth control that the publishers of some national Protestant journals were persuaded to refuse advertisements that they had been in the habit of printing. It is a challenge, I think, that cannot be ignored. The papers in question had, of course, an undoubted right to discontinue these advertisements, but if it is for the reason Dr. Stopes suggests, the public should know.

* * *

I am very glad to see that Kwame Nkrumah may soon be the Prime Minister of the first truly African Dominion of the Commonwealth. This development in the Gold Coast borrows a great deal from the experience of India and Indian independence. It is a public admission that even if all sorts of things go wrong it's better for Africans to be responsible than for us to try to hold a responsibility that we can no longer effectively or peacefully hold. A great deal of credit must go to the Governor, Sir Charles Arden Clark, who has known how to win confidence from Gold Coasters without losing it in Whitehall; but I hope that Gold Coasters will also remember the part played by Sir Andrew Cohen when he was at the Colonial Office. The best reply to those who argue that we are going too fast is precisely that these changes could be made by joint agreement, and that the Gold Coast wants British officials to go on helping it for a long time to come. The other reply to those who think we are going too fast is that Gold Coasters move a great deal faster than most people expect. Last year there were no African heads of departments in the public service. This year there are already two; and I see that Mr. Robert Gardiner, who is head of the extra-mural department of Ibadan University in Nigeria, but is a Gold Coaster by birth, is being asked to take over the Gold Coast's Department of Social Welfare and Community Department. Educated at Fourah Bay and Selwyn College, Mr. Gardiner was for a time on the staff of the trusteeship division at the United Nations: he is a quiet but effective man whose appointment suggests that Africanisation of the Gold Coast's public service is going ahead on sound lines.

* * *

Several bee-keepers have written to say that I, and the other villagers I quoted were ignorant in our comments on Mr. Park's immunity from stings. Anyone, they say, can safely handle bees when they are swarming; they are not angry and do not normally sting at that time. My expert informants, however, add that if you get excited and sweat when you handle them, you get stung at once. The bee-handler must keep physically, and therefore mentally, cool. One friend adds that in the days when traffic was mainly drawn by horses, bee-keepers were told to keep their hives well away from roads because the sweat of a horse exasperated the bees; the numerous cases of runaway horses in the old days were usually to be explained by failure to take this precaution.

CRITIC

O RUDDIER THAN THE CHERRY!

East German radio stations
Announce new regulations—
  Fun will break in
  On East Berlin
Instead of exhortations.

The Broadcasting directive
Bans scurrilous invective,
  The barbed attack
  The smart wise-crack
Are even more effective.

Producer, planner, writer
Must make their programmes lighter,
  The loud Ha ha,
  At the vile bourgeois
Makes Communism brighter.

They will no longer weary
With propaganda dreary,
  (Though barring larks
  With Lenin, Marx
And ideologic theory.)

A touch more light and airy
Will now be necessary,
  The joke, or *Witz*
  To tickle Fritz
Need not be doctrinairy.

Sledge-hammer blows omitting,
They'll change to taunts and twitting,
  And the hearty laugh
  At Party chaff
Is perfectly side-splitting.

Dance music will be cosy,
The features never prosy.
  While truthful news
  Shows Soviet views
Not only Red but rosy.

Though ruddier than the cherry
The programmes will be merry
  For now Moscow
  Says "Have a Go"
At entertaining Jerry.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

The only complaint a mother had to make at Lambeth Juvenile Court yesterday against her two sons, aged nine and 11, accused of theft, was that they were both "heavy smokers."—*Daily Mail*. (John Butcher.)

Listeners should not miss Thursday's repeat of Beyond Human Might, the play about the employers' meeting blown up with dynamite.—*Daily Worker*. (J. Courcouf.)

The Christian who uses public transport on The Lord's Day to reach the auditorium of some eminent preacher when there are faithful churches nearby (even if not of the denomination to which one belongs), is a pleasure-seeker quite as much as the Sunday tripper.—*Joy and Light*. (C. Austen.)

After completing a two years' tour on behalf of road safety authorities throughout the country, it is clear from the countless questions put to us during more than 1,000 demonstrations that incorrect feeding is causing serious distress to dogs. —Letter in *Colne Times*. (L. V. Beharrell.)

If people went to the shore, found no fresh water and died of thirst, that was their business, but when they found no public convenience either, it became the authorities' concern.—Speech reported in *Ayrshire Post*. (J. A. Fowler.)

Universities and the Future

THE publication of the Report of the University Grants Committee for the past five years* affords an opportunity to consider not only what has been happening to the Universities during these years but also what is likely to, and what should, happen to them in the future. For the moment, both because of the economy campaign and because of an appalling shortage of buildings, the Universities are in a period of what is usually called "consolidation." That is to say, they are digesting the great increase in their intake of both students and money—and also of teachers—since the war, and are putting into cold storage most of their projects for further expansion. Indeed, with the cessation of the Further Education and Training Grants to students coming out of war service, there has been an actual decline in the number of undergraduates from the peak reached in 1949-50. The fall is not very large—from 85,000 to 83,000 full-time students—but it is appreciable in certain faculties. It carries with it no equivalent economies; for during the peak years both teachers and buildings were so heavily overloaded that the fall has done no more than lessen the pressure on both. The Universities, even if they are not to increase again in student numbers, or to lengthen courses in order to meet evident needs, will be crying out for more money for buildings, libraries, laboratory equipment, teachers and research assistants, and also for meeting the steadily rising costs of existing services.

Already, the State, through Treasury grants, is meeting about two-thirds of total University expenditure, as compared with less than one-

* University Development: Report on the Years 1947-1952. H.M.S.O. Cmd. 8875. 3s. 6d.

third before the war. Indeed, this is an understatement, for it leaves out of account certain payments made for special services. The State grant has increased in a decade from an annual amount of about £2 million to £25 million—inevitably, for endowment income has risen but slowly and fees have been increased a great deal less than costs. Even if they were raised sharply, most of the burden would have to be carried by public funds in increased scholarships and maintenance grants. We have to make up our minds to the fact that, under post-war conditions, the State has to meet most of the cost of University education.

At present, the State is doing this under conditions which leave the Universities quite remarkably free from control. The major sums are dispensed by the University Grants Committee, which consists of academic persons. The U.G.C. works directly under the Treasury, and quite apart from the Ministry of Education; it exercises no detailed control over the spending of the money. Till last year, there were indeed certain "earmarked" grants, given for the development of certain kinds of University education which were felt to need a special stimulus—medicine, dentistry, veterinary education, agriculture, Oriental, Slavonic and African studies, and the social studies. These have now been abolished, leaving the Universities to make their own allocations of the total sum received, subject only to a general understanding that they are not now to "let down" the branches of work which they have been specially encouraged to expand. The only other clear instruction that is now being given them is to pay special attention to science and technology; and this they are left free to do as they please, except that what they can do in these fields depends largely on building, for which they get special capital grants from the U.G.C.

Since 1939, there have been big changes in the composition of the student body. The proportion of scientific and technological students has grown considerably: the "arts" have relatively declined. There has been, especially in the older Universities, an increase in graduate studies; and everywhere there has been some growth of vocational specialisation. A much higher proportion of students are being paid for, wholly or in part, by grants from public funds. There is unfortunately no satisfactory information about the changes which have occurred in the "class" composition of the students. From what evidence there is, it looks as if the post-war scholarships and grants have not tended, on the whole, to increase the proportion of students coming from working-class homes. Indeed, this situation cannot easily change until a higher proportion of children from working-class families stay at school up to eighteen. As things are, most of those who continue their education tend to go to Technical Colleges rather than to Universities—a fact which, incidentally, invalidates most of the comparisons made between British and American University education. It is difficult for a country's Universities to be more democratic than its school system.

The U.G.C., in its present report, takes the line that no further expansion in the number of University students is likely for some time to come, and that there may be a further fall. It is clearly of opinion that expansion at present would involve reduced standards of entry—pending a growth of the higher ranges of secondary education. It accepts the need for more graduates in science (especially to teaching posts) and technology, but seems doubtful whether there will be enough openings for even the present outflow of "arts" graduates, though "arts," in the U.G.C. classification, include economics and the whole range of social studies. It evidently wants an expansion of science at the expense of "arts"—or at any rate regards this as fitting in with the prospective pattern of employment.

If this is to occur, as it probably will, the whole question of specialisation is bound to come up in a more acute form than ever. Scientific and technological courses are becoming more and more specialised; and the U.G.C. admits the danger that the Universities, under the pressure of vocational courses, may do less and less to teach their students to think or to give them a cultural mastery of the world around them. This danger is the greater because, though there has been no fall in the *average* ability of University students, despite the expansion of numbers, the proportion of both really good and really bad undergraduates has fallen off; and the "middling" students most of all need to be taught to think for themselves, and not merely to accumulate information. The knowledge of the danger has prompted some University reformers—notably Lord Lindsay, whose ideas are now being tried out at the new University College at Stoke-on-Trent—to stress the importance of a general "cultural" introductory course, including both "arts" and scientific subjects. But this would almost inevitably involve either a four-year first degree course or a fourth year of graduate studies as a necessary minimum for acquiring the qualifications for a job. Lack of buildings and teachers rules this out for the present; and the U.G.C. falls back on the more manageable alternative of a fourth year for a selected minority—which is not a satisfactory solution.

Indeed, there is no solution within the existing limits of buildings and finance, unless the amount of factual knowledge demanded in the special fields of study can be reduced. But how difficult this is in practice is shown by the current trends in medical education. The Goodenough Committee recommended a shortening of the medical course by reducing the factual burden; but actually Universities are tending to make it longer. In other fields also, the tendency of the professional bodies is to demand more specialist training and the accumulation of more and more facts, though this obviously tends to leave the slower students with less and less leisure to think for themselves.

There is another aspect of the same difficulty. Teachers, as well as students, need leisure to think; and for teachers it is particularly important to have time both to do some research and thus keep themselves up to date in their own subjects and to follow developments over a field wider than their particular specialism. But the teaching burden grows heavier, not only because there are more students, but also because more stress is being laid on the need for "tutorials" as well as lectures, and for closer individual touch between teacher and student. University staffs have been greatly increased—from 4,000 before the war to 10,000 today—and the staff to student ratio has risen from 1 to 10 to 1 to 8; but, despite this, the average teacher has a considerably heavier load, and therewith less time for research or thinking. For one thing, the burden of administrative work has grown immensely, without any corresponding development of secretarial or other help; and there is also the financial factor. Outside medicine, University salaries are low (and pensions more than low) in comparison with those in most professions; and this sets too many teachers to earning honest pennies where they can, in order to eke out their regular salaries.

There is, then, much that is unsatisfactory in the position and prospects of the Universities. But there is no reason to be gloomy about what they are doing. They have come through a period of very rapid growth without a fall in quality of either teachers or students—and that is much. It will do them no great harm if their rate of expansion is slowed down for a time, provided that they are not forced actually to slip back. Nevertheless, such a pause can only be regarded as a period of getting ready for a further advance. There is absolutely no reason for believing that we are anywhere near providing a University education for all those who are capable of benefiting by it, as soon as the schools have equipped themselves to give the required preparation to larger numbers. The Universities are less the preserve of a limited social class than they were a generation ago; but they are still not recruiting to anything approaching the right extent the children of manual workers. To meet the needs of a democratic society, either they must expand much further, or there must be a great growth of Junior Universities—or whatever they may be called—to give a chance of higher, not purely technical or vocational, education to much larger numbers.

G. D. H. Cole

African Federation

III. Where Hope Lies

On my first day in the Copperbelt this time the *Northern News* of Ndola carried a surprising piece of news. I read it twice, not quite believing my eyes. "The four General Managers of the copper mining companies," it said, "will meet representatives of the African mining union tomorrow to discuss certain minor demands." The mountain had indeed come to Mahomet: these four potentates would actually sit round a table to listen to the leaders of an African trade union. Find me another territory in Africa where this could happen: believe me, there isn't one.

The mining managers, of course, are not quite the blue-eyed boys they might appear from this fragment of news. They cannot afford to ignore the African miners' union: after all, it has just conducted a three weeks' strike with unbroken discipline, retreated at the right moment, and gained a wage award of unexampled magnitude in Africa. It has 36,000 paid-up members out of an African mining labour force of about 42,000. It has good leaders and good advice; and the law, thanks largely to Arthur Creech-Jones, is on its side. But the mining managers probably had their eyes on something else as well. By promoting the status of the African union, they might hope to diminish the status of the European mineworkers' union—a manœuvre very much in copper-mining tradition and accompanied, as it happens at the moment, by one more onslaught on the European union's position in the industry.

Even so, the gains in African trade unionism in Northern Rhodesia are remarkable enough. They are not limited to mining. The smaller African unions, it is true, have fallen away a good deal in the past two years, thanks partly to faulty leadership and partly to circumstances outside their control. But the African railway workers' union, led by the vigorous Dixon Konkola, has gone ahead; and the Joint Industrial Council for the building industry has continued to function well. Since the first agreement to be negotiated for the building industry in 1950, the wage of African building labourers has risen from 1*s.* 8*d.* a day to 2*s.* 8*d.*, and of first-class artisans

from 8s. to 10s.—perhaps double their wage before 1950.

These events prove once again that Africans can go quickly ahead once they are really given the chance. With the mining industry, this proof is driven securely home. Before the coming of the African mineworkers' union in 1947 there had been two great African stoppages on the Copperbelt, in 1935 and 1940; and in both cases the African mineworkers were shot back to work by the police. This year's big stoppage, on the contrary, was both orderly and legal; and the Africans conducted it with considerable skill. It yielded the lowest grade workers a rise of about 75 per cent. in pay, and the highest-grade workers a rise of about 15 per cent.; and it established this trade union as the most successful African union in British Africa, and perhaps in the whole of Africa. Not content with that, Lawrence Katilungu and his fellow-unionists have pressed forward with non-wage gains. They have achieved a long-service and retirement scheme, and a small participation in the "copper bonus" that is paid to European employees.

Lately, they have done something even better than this, and a good deal more difficult. They have managed to cause the mining companies to disband their much-cherished system of "tribal representatives"—a system of indirect representation intended to reduce the standing of the African trade union, and to act as a convenient stooge for the mining companies.

The victory was dramatic. It was fought over welfare. The trade union, understandably, claimed welfare as one of its own responsibilities. But the companies thought otherwise. After this year's wage award, accordingly, the companies seem to have thought that they must make a last effort at clipping the wings of the African trade union. They decided to inflate the "tribal representatives" by giving them charge of mineworkers' welfare in the village-compounds on the Copperbelt. Personnel managers called a meeting at which carefully selected "tribal representatives"—nonentities for the most part—were puffed up with the present of special uniforms and badges, and the promise of a three-roomed house for each of them. They were told (the minutes of this very private meeting being very privately handed by a sympathiser to the African union leaders) that they must "resist" the attempt of the African trade union "to usurp the functions of the tribal representatives."

Against that, seeing the danger to its authority among its members, the union went into action. It demanded abolition of the "tribal representatives"; otherwise there might be another strike. . . . So the companies were brought to agree that a referendum of mineworkers' opinion should be held: if more than 60 per cent. voted for abolition, then the "tribal representatives" should go. The union agreed, a referendum was held—and 96.9 per cent. of the votes were cast for abolition.

This African union, going from strength to strength, is now negotiating on three further points. It wants the companies to agree to a group pension scheme such as the European mineworkers enjoy. It is making an indirect attempt to secure a closed shop by demanding that gains won by the union shall not be enjoyed by non-unionists—a demand partly motivated by the suspicion that the companies are trying to split the union by putting up rival unions. Thirdly, it has decided to raise its dues from 6*d.* a month to 2*s.* 6*d.* a month, so that it can increase the number of its paid officials from the present handful, can establish a strike fund along normal and approved lines, and can branch out into educational and welfare activities.

In Southern Rhodesia, meanwhile, African trade unions remain outside the Industrial Conciliation Act, which means that they can only strike illegally and cannot benefit from the machinery of collective bargaining. But even here there is some sign of impending advance. Southern Rhodesian African workers are fortunate in having at least two strong leaders—Charles Mzingeli in Salisbury and Joshua Nkomo in Bulawayo—and these two, working together, are backing the formation of a Southern Rhodesian African T.U.C. (African simply because the White workers will not co-operate), and the demand for full trade union status.

There are signs as well that the Southern Rhodesian authorities may at last understand the wisdom of accompanying the growth of industry by effective workers' organisation; although it must be said that the education of Whites in Southern Rhodesia on the facts of their own country seems to be a particularly difficult and painful process. But the facts are eloquent enough. Non-mining industry in Southern Rhodesia goes rapidly ahead: about 60 per cent. of Southern Rhodesia's chronic deficit in balance of payments is accounted for by the import of capital goods of one kind or another. Europeans employed in non-mining industry have increased between 1946 and 1951 (the last available figures) from 5,060 to 10,200, but Africans in the same period have increased from 36,000 to 55,600, and, what is perhaps more to the point, there are now a good many factories in which Africans supply practically all the labour. Federation may have some effect in helping this new industrialism in Southern Rhodesia, because it may enable the Federal Government to substitute the present non-discrimination agreement with the Union of South Africa (whose industries are more efficient) by a protective trade agreement. In those parts of the Federation covered by the Congo Basin Treaty, furthermore, it will give Southern Rhodesian manufacturers a considerable price-lead over foreign competitors.

In these circumstances it is obvious that properly constituted and recognised trade unions are necessary not only to ensure some degree of economic justice for African workers, but also in the interests of industrial peace. As things stand, there is absolutely no method of classifying African labour in factories, so that semi-skilled or even skilled labour is generally paid at unskilled rates. When big strikes occur, as they have on two occasions in the past, they can be brought to an end only by ignoring the law and negotiating with the strike leaders. All this is clumsy, unnecessary, and out-of-date.

What is likely to happen now is that the African workers in Southern Rhodesia will take a leaf out of the Northern Rhodesian book, and attempt to organise themselves along the same effective lines as their brethren in the North. And this is one way, during a time of developing industrialism, in which federation may possibly help the Africans; and one way in which the British Parliament, by insisting that the federal coming-together of Europeans should be paralleled by a coming-together of Africans, can work to ensure that federation does help them. For there will certainly be an attempt by the new Federal Parliament to ban or limit inter-territorial movement by Africans. That may be understandable from the viewpoint of White supremacy, but it will have to be resisted. Eventual amalgamation of the Northern Rhodesian African T.U.C. with the nascent African T.U.C. of Southern Rhodesia, and the growth of unity between the African political congresses in the three territories—these are among the ways in which Africans can greatly strengthen their means of self-defence in the next few years.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Southampton Water

AT four o'clock every Thursday afternoon (in peacetime), for the last fifty years, a Union Castle liner for South Africa has left Southampton. Occasionally five or ten minutes late, but nearly always on the stroke of four. Efficiency could not go further: for even a smooth-running port is constantly presented with problems absent in the routine running of a factory.

In a very small way, I recently helped to cope with the kind of emergency that makes the pattern of seaport life. What I did, in fact, was to throw a rope; and I was glad to do it, because whenever I travel by water I envy the men whose duty it is to throw ropes round bollards. I was out on one of the Southampton Harbour Board's patrol boats, and we noticed a light-buoy that wasn't flashing. They work on gas cylinders renewed at regular intervals, but the patrol craft always carries spares for a buoy which, like this one, gives out before its time. So we threw ropes and made fast to the buoy, and one of the boat's crew climbed on to it, released the cylinder with a huge spanner, and enabled the other men to hoist it aboard with a pulley and replace it. All quite easy on a bright summer morning; but I thought how unpleasant the job would have been in a January gale, how vital in a November fog.

The Harbour Board, now celebrating its 150th anniversary, maintains the waterway for the thirteen thousand ships which now use the port annually—the port, not the docks, for a long stretch of coastline, including the jetties of Fawley refinery, marks the distinction. Successive dredging schemes, which enable any ship but the two *Queens* to dock or depart at dead low water, go to the Board's credit; the latest massive operation cost £750,000. Its survey department is continually noting the least shift in the shoals bordering the Channel. It maintains buoys and lights. It has an information service and a control station at Calshot Castle, soon to include a radio-telephone link to passing ships. It constitutes the local Sea Fisheries Committee and takes under its wing the considerable yachting colony up the River Hamble. It operates Town Quay (not part of the docks), where medium-sized vessels load and discharge cargo, and the Royal Pier with its pleasure boats. And the total staff of the Board is one hundred and forty.

The port, in effect, is run by a small number of men whose paths are constantly crossing, whether they are employed by the Harbour Board, the Docks Executive, or the shipping companies. Southampton is a kind of club—a simile which has literal truth, for everyone of importance can be found sooner or later in the hospitable bar of the Master Mariners' Club. Holders of shore jobs generally turn out to have been master mariners in their time.

One such is Captain Morgan, the Dockmaster. In simple terms, his job is to tell ships where to go in the docks and how long they may stay there. He wears a protective manner of vigilant mistrust, which covers an obvious confidence in his staff and a perfect readiness to help all comers, even the Press. "Where's my diary? Pinched from under my nose," he exclaims; but he knows that his assistant is making an entry in it. The diary, once recovered, proves to contain a record of

notified arrivals and departures, some of them altered four or five times. ("Can't make up their minds," remarks Captain Morgan.) Once the ships go to their allotted berths, they are chalked up on a wall chart. I tramp round the huge desk and notice first a stack of leather-bound volumes which record shipping movements for years past, in case of claims and inquiries. Then a perplexing number of telephones; quick communication is vital in a port, and its key men have extensions and even high-frequency radio sets at home. And then a regular museum of barographs, and gadgets to forecast the tide, the weather, and whatever else may complicate the flow of traffic. The Captain tells me about dry-docking and ships in need of repair. If the job takes longer than estimated and the ship isn't ready to leave its berth when he needs it for a newcomer, that is his worry. And if there's a fire, he works in consultation with the fire brigade. I learn of occasions—in other ports, naturally—when blazing ships capsized and sank because too much water was pumped in. "Better to have let her burn out," says the Dockmaster sternly.

Captain Somerwill, regular pilot of the *Queens*, got his Trinity House licence in 1912. Since a prospective pilot needs five years as a watch-keeping officer before he can sit the examination, I conclude that Captain Somerwill is older than he looks. He began his career as an inward pilot, based at Ryde. The outward pilots, based at Southampton, do all the piloting above Netley and are considered as senior.

A pilot has no employer and no salary. He may work regularly for one or more lines—Captain Somerwill is a "choice" of both Cunard and French Lines—but when he is free he must take on any job, be it the lowliest tramp. Consulting a well-thumbed diary, the Captain works out that he averages twenty-five trips a month. After each job the shipowners pay him according to the draft of the ship. It seems, then, that the "choice" pilots of the great liners are the plutocrats of the profession, as they are certainly its aristocrats. But no; the twenty-five outward pilots pool their earnings (so, separately, do inward pilots), finance their office and a pension scheme, and divide equally what is left.

Elsewhere in the port I learn that Somerwill is a pilot of unrivalled skill. "Hardly a whistle" runs the admiring tribute. Pilots give instructions to tugs by a code of signals on the ship's whistle; the more smoothly things go, the fewer whistles. "Noisy Jack" is the contemptuous sobriquet bestowed on one pilot; I glean the name and its origin from the master of the tug *Calshot*. This gentleman, who needs no whistles anyway, introduces himself when I come aboard as Captain Kearley. He is now employed by the Red Funnel Company, was a boy on a tug in 1914, and has been A.B., mate, and master on the *Canute*. Though promotion to the larger *Calshot* (a tug and tender) puts him at the apex of the tugging world, he regards the *Canute* as his home. There are thirteen tugs in the harbour; seven belong to Red Funnel, who are on the point of launching two more. Besides the normal work, the *Calshot* is kept busy towing from berth to berth, tendering when a French or Dutch liner anchors in Cowes Roads instead of docking, and going on an occasional salvage job.

Tugs carry a crew of between eight and fourteen; promotion goes by experience and skill. Few of the masters have sea-going certificates or any other paper qualification. "It's a special kind of job, this," Captain Kearley explains. "A man might take his ship to Australia, but he'd be lost under the nose of the *Queen Mary*."

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the moment the gangway is telescoped into the wall of the Ocean Terminal, to pull and push the *Queen Mary* into broad water. They move, like circus elephants, with a precision and nimbleness that contrast oddly with their stubbly shape. Not one seems to be a second early or late with its rapid shift of position. I ask whether the seven masters and the ship's pilot confer beforehand and agree on a plan. The idea starts Kearley chuckling, and he assures me that this is never necessary, whatever the ship or the berth or the weather. "We just know."

Six tugs peel off to other duties, but the *Calshot* escorts the liner to the Brambles, where she makes a sharp turn into Spithead. In fog Kearley, linked by radio to the liner's bridge, acts as the great ship's eyes and reports sighting the buoys. The fact that she has radar and he has not strikes him as an excellent joke. He confirms Captain Somerwill's judgment that radar is a valuable aid, but no more. In an hour we get to the Brambles. The shoals here have a long history of evil-doing; I mark their impotent malice by the sight of a grey stain of mud swirling to the surface on the liner's wake. Captain Kearley recalls that the old *Leviathan* always had to be helped round the bend by tugs. But since those days the Harbour Board has done a vast job of dredging at the Brambles; and besides, the *Queen Mary*, for all her length, is far more manoeuvrable than the *Leviathan*.

Sure enough she makes the turn perfectly, points her bow toward France, and tells us with three long whistles that our presence is no longer required. The *Calshot* whistles in reply and turns for home. "So we needn't have come down here?" I ask

"Ah, you can't tell," Captain Kearley says. "They don't all know the Water like I do."

MERVYN JONES

Jeeps, be Jeepers!

THINGS are all gay now. Ireland's a land of perpetual prayer, a perpetual spiritual Tostal—Ireland at home to God! Awerus an Uachtarain, the President's residence, is now a daily levee of saints, old ones, and new ones, too. Looka, Dan, it's soldiers we want, and not saints, seeing that we're in the throes of talkative preparations. All our generals and colonels, coupled and crossed with military experts, are arguing here, there, how best to act if tens of thousands of Russian paratroopers came dropping down from the Irish skies on to Tara's Hill, or on to the Mountains of Mourne that sweep down to the sea. You haven't to think twice to see the pickle we'd be in then. That's our present problem; though some don't seem to see it. D'ye know what one ignorant eejut said when he was told that the Russians could come down from the Irish skies in swarms? No, then, I don't, Dan.

The venomous eejut said it would be better and fitter for us to guard against the swarms of green flies and swarms of black flies that drop from the skies, and destroy the crops. Did he, now? Such fellas should be arborised in places where they couldn't be heard talking, Mick. Go on, me son. You see, Dan, we're too small to fight the Russians on our own. It isn't that we haven't the courage. Oh, no; you're right there, Mick; we're twice too small; we'd have to have help. No use, either, Dan, of looking to allies too far off from us, like France or Italy—they'd take years to come. So they would, Mick, so they would. You see, Dan, Ireland's so important that, in a war, Russia would need to take her over within an hour. Does that ring a bell for you? Yis; a whole peal of them. But then, what? Well, man we'd have to get help at once, at once. Then, what about England, Mick? England? Man, alive, she'd be fighting for her life, and couldn't let us have even a policeman from point-duty. Well, then, what? America's our only man, Dan. Organised battle on our part wouldn't be worth a damn; a guerilla war no good either. So what, Mick? What we need, Mick, is swarms and swarms of jeeps.

Jeeps, be jeepers! Yes, jeeps, Dan; each one with a driver, a spare driver, a commander, and a wireless operator. Every able-bodied man in Ireland in a jeep here, a jeep there, with a stungun, hammer and pliers, headphone, and a jeepsie walkie-talkie—that's the one solution, Mick. And a trailer to every jeep, Mick—you forgot that. Aw, Dan, use your brains. How could a jeep with a trailer attached, jump a hedge? But what would the ordinary cars and pedestrians do and the roads buzzing with jeeps? You haven't thought of that. I don't like the idea at all. Man alive, there wouldn't be a man, woman, child, or chicken, left alive in the country. Count me out! Aw, think again, Dan. Looka, if they were all done for aself, wouldn't death on our own roads be better than exportation be the Bolsheviks to an unknown destination? Think again, Dan. What exportation are you talkie-walkiein about? Looka, Dan, the expert writing in the papers and the expert talking over the radio put it plain before us all; a nation like Russia who hold fifteen millions and more in concentration camps, and has eliminated twenty millions more and more be vast and frequent purges, man, wouldn't cast a thought about eliminating thousands of Irishmen, women, and children, the expert said, or wait to think twice before exporting all the rest of us. It would be only child's play, says he, to the Russians.

A thrue saying, Mick; thrue for you, thrue for me, and thrue for all. Pity it wasn't said to the eejut laddo with his black flies and his green flies. It was said. It was, was it? I bet that bet him. And what did the eejut say to that homer? And where, says he, would the Bolsheviks find the ships and the trains to export our four millions of people, he says: Siberia's a long way off, if you ask me. Huh, huh; that was a sensible question, Mick, and a sensible remark for the eejut to make anyhow. How was it a sensible remark, and how was it a sensible question, Dan. Where's your brains, man! The Bolsheviks wouldn't be dhreaming of Siberia, and the Isle of Man only a few feet away from our own green border. Aha, that had him bet, Mick, I bet. He hadn't had the imagination to think of the Isle of Man—the eejut! Divil a bet it bet him, Dan. No? No, Dan; he just let an eejeeotic laugh out of him, saying, Counting the millions of relatives of them in concentration camps, with the millions of prisoners themselves, and the millions more of relatives of them who've been purged, he says, making in all hundreds of thousands more of bitter enemies to the Russian Government, then the nation that can stand to that, and then send millions of more parathroopers fluttering down through the skies on Erin's lovely shore, is invincible, says he, an' we're wastin' our time in thinkin' out a way to fight them.

Did he say that, now? Wastin' our time! Isn't that shocking! What about our love of counthry? Is that nothin' to the eejut? Why didn't you counther him with that, Dan? I did. An' how did the eejut react to it? Looka, says he, prodding me in the chest with his forefinger, looka, if the Bolshevik country is the kinda country you're saying she is, then the Russians that'll drop from our Irish skies on to our emerald sod, will be, says he, some poor divils seeking asylum. Seekin' asyium, is it? What, a lunatic asylum is it he must be meanin'? No, no; an ordinary asylum, man, an ordinary asylum. What ordinary asylum? There's no ordinary asylum. When a body says We've taken a certain party to the asylum, we mean a lunatic asylum, don't we? Yes, yes; but—there's no but about it—an asylum's an asylum; there's no but about it. Yes, there is. There isn't, I'm tellin' you. I'm telling you there's different asylums; for instance, a deaf and dumb asylum. Maybe, but the laddoes dhroppin' from our skies won't be deaf an' dumb, will they? I know they wont. Don't try to be as big an eejut as the other fella, Mick.

Who's an eejut? You're talking like an eejut now. Who's talkin' like an eejut now? You're talkin' like one yourself, a full-fledged one, too. Wantin' to flood the counthry with jeeps! While you're at it, will you kindly tell us who's goin' to provide the hundhred thousand jeeps to go gallopin' round an' lay us all out dead as mackerel on the roads of Eireann every man-jack of us, an' every woman-lizzie of us that hasn't the good fortune to be sittin' safe in some of them! An' if we put into every one of them, as the expert advises, a dhriver, a spare dhriver, a commandher, an' a wireless operator with his walkie-talkie, addin' all them stretched out flat on the roads, will you tell us who's goin' to look afther the common things that have to be daily done to keep the counthry goin'? Aha, you're silent now! An' listen, another thing: While America might be dhroppin' the jeeps, what's to prevent the Bolshies at the same time from dhroppin' their parathroopers an' fillin' the jeeps as they touch down, to let them go scampherin' all over the roads, takin' over the Turf Board, the Tourist Association, the Court of Chancery, the Hospital Sweep, the Catholic Young Men's Association, the Protestant pulpits, an' the Abbey Theatre, forcin' the unfortunate members of Mariar Duce to do point-duty on the roads for them, an' endin', maybe, with the plantin' of a red flag in the hand of St. Patrick's Statue standin' helpless on a windy hill in the centre of the lonely Plains of Meath! That's what your jazzin' jeeps would do—provide the Bolshies with a rapid an' logical means of locomotion!

Goodbye, Dan. Think it all over. Roads full of cantering jeeps would purse the land into safety.

SEAN O'CASEY

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The Arts and Entertainment

PREDILECTIONS

"Oh I do like Bach." "Do you? I don't. I like Chopin." Thus, in his lecture on *The Raison d'Etre of Criticism*, Mr. Forster gently parodies many a solemn debate. The cap fits all too well. A great deal of the criticism which we read or write, or speak during concert intervals, amounts to little more when stripped of adjectives, analogy and analysis. Of course, our responses are not so blank and bleak and exclusive as those of Mr. Forster's pair. Most of us respond eagerly to Bach and Chopin at their greatest—to the *St. Matthew Passion*, say, or the twenty-four *Preludes*. It is when the great man has an off day that our instinctive sympathies reveal themselves. Then the quality which seems endearingly characteristic to one listener (Bach's inability to stop, Beethoven's over-emphasis, Chopin's sentimental dreaming) will provoke exasperation in another.

It is all, no doubt, a matter of temperamental affinities and antipathies; just so, in daily life, we take to X and don't care much about Y. But behind simple personal response lies something else: our sympathy with this or that kind of musical raw material. This explains one man's passion for the music of the eighteenth century in general, another's preference for that of the nineteenth. Music consists of several (by no means watertight) compartments: of melody, harmony and rhythm. Each individual and each generation is more alive to one or two of these elements than to the remainder. Consider the rhythmic element. Throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries rhythms became ever squarer and more sluggish, slowing down in Wagner and reaching virtual stagnation in Delius. There had to be a change, and it was violent. Twentieth-century composers like Stravinsky and Bartok injected a fierce shot of primitive rhythm into the hardened arteries of civilised music, and the result was at first immensely stimulating. To this day many listeners continue to find not only excitement but nourishment in the sort of movement which is called "Allegro barbaro" and changes its time-signature every third bar. Others, possibly because they possess a weaker rhythmic sense, feel that these violent pleasures are soon exhausted. Such a piece as the Scherzo of Walton's Viola Concerto is certainly thrilling at first, with its brilliant, nervous rhythmic jabs, its continual twitches and twists like a hare doubling on its tracks; but, speaking only for myself, I have found the effect to be subject to diminishing returns.

The physical thrill of rhythmic tension palls quickly on me in comparison with the linear appeal of melody and the expressive force and structural pull of harmony. These two latter elements are hard to disentangle: even in supreme melodists like Schubert and Verdi the beauty of the tunes is partly dependent upon fleeting harmonic subtleties. Yet there is always plainsong to be reckoned with, and—to jump the centuries—Bellini: Bellini, whose harmony and rhythm are of the simplest, but who, to the surprise of sophisticated critics, can still delight a modern audience mainly by virtue of his incomparable melody. Of all the elements of music, melody is perhaps the most indispensable and the most lasting in its effect.

When we form an opinion about a piece of music, we are also much influenced, often perhaps without knowing it, by another feature: the layout, or texture. Thus, popular audiences are still in love with the massive, sumptuous, upholstered layout of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, such as we find in Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff and Elgar. Others, including most modern composers, have reacted violently against this style; Benjamin Britten, for example, has become so much averse from using the full orchestra that he can hardly bring himself to do so even in a large-scale festival opera like *Gloriana*. Among the smaller instrumental combinations there are some which always seem to me so inherently attractive as almost to rule out total failure. A clarinet quintet, for instance, or a horn concerto: surely quite a slender vein of invention is enough to make plausible and agreeable music out of these? Conversely, there are other combinations—some of them widely favoured now—which arouse a premonitory chill. Let me own up to one: that hardy annual, familiar at so many concerts of modern music, the setting of some poem or other for speaker (dire word!), male voice choir, brass, piano and percussion. When these forces strike up, I feel like Mélisande: "*Oh! Oh! je ne suis pas heureuse ici!*"

There are listeners, I know, who find the prospect of such sounds as alluring as is, to me, the prospect of hearing Sena Jurinac in a Richard Strauss cantilena. By an effort of the imagination I can put myself in their place. I see that they find something soft, sickly and enervating in the sheer voluptuous sound of the Strauss, whereas, in Schönberg's *Survivor from Warsaw*, they detect a structural and expressive mastery which is hidden from me by distaste for the physical medium employed. In both cases, familiarity may bring, not enthusiasm perhaps, but toleration and understanding. Yet broad-minded as we may strive to be, it is hard not to suspect, in some of the sound-combinations in vogue today, a hint of wilful perversity or sheer bad taste. The B.B.C. has recently given us two performances of Messiaen's *Turangalila* Symphony, in which commonplace and sentimental ideas are overlaid with a monstrous top-dressing of assorted percussion, thumping piano and wailing Ondes Martenot; we were stunned, not only by the mere decibels of sound unleashed and the multiplicity of simultaneous notes, but by the inordinate length of the ten movements. Then there is that transatlantic novelty, the "prepared piano," with bits of rubber and metal inserted among the dampers and strings; and the *musique concrète* of last year's Paris Festival, when a strange medley of pre-contrived electrical sounds was mixed into loudspeakers and unloaded at various points in the auditorium. I wasn't there, but I can guess how the conversations may have run. "*J'adore la musique concrète; et vous?*" "*Moi, je préfère la musique fluide.*"

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE OLD VIC RIDES AGAIN

Two years ago the fortunes of the Old Vic, after a series of internal disasters, were at a very low ebb indeed. It is excellent news that once again the prospects are bright. The season now ending, although it was regarded as a mere interregnum, turned out highly successful. Bookings averaged out at just over 86 per cent. of the capacity of the House throughout the season—a very remarkable figure, on which Mr. Hugh Hunt, the retiring director, may well congratulate himself. This result, it is worth noticing, was achieved without the help of big star names, though it is also worth noticing that the name of a young potential star undoubtedly helped. It was the *Romeo and Juliet*, excellently produced by Mr. Hunt, which set the season off so brilliantly, and without doubt Miss Claire Bloom (just at that time "released" in *Limelight*) was a big drawing factor, though of course she would not have filled the house on her own without the production and the high all-round standard of acting.

The wide publicity which the films (and the radio and television too) give to actors and actresses is something for the theatre to work with, not to despise, and it is worth remembering that the younger players get their names known to a wide public as well as the established ones. This is something to keep an eye on in the future, for Mr. Michael Benthall, the new director, has, very wisely and rightly, reverted to the pre-

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Olivier-Richardson practice of using the Old Vic as a training ground for young potential stars instead of relying on the already established. This seems to me to be the most important item in the five-year plan that was announced last week. We already have now one permanent Shakespearean Theatre, Stratford, which regularly offers the already famous their chance of performing Shakespearean parts. The Old Vic does not want merely to double this role. In its palmy pre-war days it discovered and assisted the birth of many of our leading actors and actresses (Sir John Gielgud had, by the age of twenty-seven, played at the Old Vic all the leading tragic roles). It is not the least important of its functions, then, to persuade up-and-coming young players to forswear the easier and (in the short run) more profitable path to fame via the cinema and the West End success and spend a hard year perfecting their technique in Shakespeare.

Mr. Benthall begins well, as I hope he means to go on, by announcing that Miss Claire Bloom will re-join the company next season, and that Mr. Richard Burton will partner her as the male lead (stiffening will come from two experienced players, Miss Fay Compton and Mr. Michael Hordern). The two young players are just the very kind to whom the Old Vic ought to be giving this chance. They are both able now, we may suppose, to pick and choose. They both might have picked five-figure salaries from the screen, and instead they have both chosen the Old Vic. All credit to them, and may their example encourage a line of successors.

The second—or perhaps he regards it as the first—plank in Mr. Benthall's programme is to produce all thirty-six of the plays in the First Folio in the course of the next five years. Under Lilian Bayliss it took nine years to do this, and the Old Vic was then the first theatre to have done it. Thus it makes an ambitious and interesting objective and gives the generation growing up the chance of having seen every one of the plays at least once. In order to facilitate this programme, the Old Vic will revert to the repertory system, playing a different play each night. This will have two main advantages; first, visitors to London will be able to see more than the one play which is all the present arrangement offers them; secondly, since the programme will be fixed only five weeks in advance, popular productions can be kept going longer and less well supported ones can be filtered out. This season the six productions will be *Hamlet*, *All's Well That Ends Well*, *King John*, *Twelfth Night*, *Coriolanus*, and *The Tempest*. And this season, to give the programme a send-off, only Shakespeare will be produced. Other classical plays will be introduced into the repertory the following year.

One other important extension of activities is promised, and I hope this will meet with specially strong support. Mr. Benthall hopes to expand the activities of the Old Vic Club and to produce for them on Sunday evenings some of the more rarely performed classics, and, if available, plays by new authors. There is nothing more badly needed in the theatre now than a good Sunday night producing Society. This is where as yet untried actors, producers, and authors too, can hope to get practice and experience, and even to make their mark. The absence of such a one has been a sad gap, and the Old Vic is admirably placed to fill it. But it does depend on the enthusiasm and numbers of the club membership. The price of membership is only half a crown a year; and it brings with it the privilege of being able to book seats for each of the five weekly booking periods a week in advance of the general public. This is quite a consideration when productions are particularly popular.

T. C. WORSLEY

WATCH AND LISTEN

So far there has been nothing in these notes about *First Reading*, the broadcast that has taken the place of Mr. John Lehmann's feature and is a "monthly magazine of new poetry and prose." It would have been manifestly unfair to have judged its editor, Mr. John Wain, on his first appearance or even on his second: he had to be given time to show what he was driving at, though even now I confess I find his pronouncements a little difficult to follow. It was a fine thing to learn that he was about to express "a certain point of view about contemporary letters," but a little disconcerting to discover that,

> having got as far as the middle of the twentieth century, we ought to be looking both back and forward. Looking back, we see that we have passed through a period of frontier expansion. Daring pioneers, often proceeding by guess-work and with equipment they had designed and built themselves, pushed out into the unknown and established some kind of foothold there . . . But a period of expansion has to be followed by a period of consolidation . . . The question is no longer—how much further can we press on? It is rather—what shall we do now we are here?

And so to the resounding promise:

> What I hope to present, then, is the work of writers who are pre-eminently qualified to administer this huge territory and reduce it to order.

Of course, Mr. Wain does not "mean that we have finished with the spirit of discovery and experiment," but the implication, I think, is fairly clear. Our brave new world is over at last and the old fogies can be led off to the slaughter-house after being festooned with the usual sacrificial garlands. After that Mr. Wain and his fledgelings can move in and establish the new dispensation.

However, let us turn from Mr. Wain's high-flying words and examine the work of those writers who are "pre-eminently qualified to administer this huge territory and reduce it to order." Let us, for instance, consider this:

> In spite of the ravages wrought by his headache, Dixon felt happier as he wondered what foods would this morning afford concrete proof of the Welches' prosperity.

Or this:

> He remembered his father, who until the war had always worn stiff white collars, being reproved by the objurgatory jeweller as excessively "dignant" in demeanour.

There are naturally better things in Mr. Wain's programmes than these. The first broadcast was partly redeemed by two poems from Mr. G. S. Fraser and the second by Mr. Alvarez, who came out with a fresh and angry piece of criticism. The last one stays in my mind because of a contribution from Mr. Donald Davie, who gave us the sanest analysis I have yet heard of the problem that faces the Irish writer of today. But taking the programmes as a whole—what can one say in mitigation? What is one to make of an editor who is so inexact in his language? Or portentously introduces us to an author who "has been working on his story for a number of years without bringing it to completion, a fact which will perhaps be a little clearer in a moment" and then presents us with a piece that is maggoty with bureaucratic English—with "some hitherto neglected aspects of the subject," with "his aim had been the more limited one of obtaining an insight into the subject," with "the main thing is that they should see the light of day." Not to mention, "You are fraying my nerves to an amazing extent."

Now I realise that this is unpopular talk. The young should be encouraged—we are all agreed about that—and indeed my first instinct was to ignore Mr. Wain's deplorable broadcasts. Since then I have changed my mind for two reasons. I reflected that if it got about that Mr. Wain was giving us a bird's eye view of modern literature, many worthier authors might suffer. And then I am not so sure that this feature is even in the interest of those who appear in it. Is there not something faintly ridiculous in treating young men, whom some of us have never heard of, with the solemnity that should be reserved for Mr. Eliot or Mr. Empson? Listen to this at the end of a poetry reading:

> WAIN: Yes, that has a very different flavour: but did you just jump from one extreme to the other, or was there an intermediate stage?
>
> ANSWER: Yes, there was a rather long intermediate period when I felt that my early work was altogether too private and it became clear to me that I had been using poetry almost as Therapeutic, first to solve my own problems æsthetically, and then to convey this highly personal solution, which might or might not have a wider validity, to my potential audience.

But these broadcasts seem to me to raise other issues that cannot be dealt with in a short article. I shall therefore hope to return to the subject next week.

HUGH MASSINGHAM

THE MOVIES

"Sadko," at the Continental
"Innocents in Paris," at the Empire

"The most outstanding Russian film ever screened," whispers the placard. Well, *Sadko* isn't quite—or at all—that, but a rathe. enticing fairy-tale from the director of *The Stone and the Flower* and (for those with a longer memory) *The New Gulliver*. Alexander Pushto has gifts, of satire, adventure and poetry which might, one feels, have been developed with more sharpness. The years have relaxed satire and increased laziness and charm. (I argue, necessarily, from the three films shown here.) Lazy habits of mind, nothing else, have made *Sadko* heavy where it should be light. It begins with some scenes of operatic tediousness—the hero endlessly defying bearded old men in a hall—merely because so, presumably, Rimsky-Korsakov's opera led the

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way. But the film isn't opera, though it employs the original music incidentally, and heavier chains than operatic style without opera could hardly be imagined.

This, however, wears off; the hero sings a song at twilight (one of a few scattered through the film), a lady rises out of the sea to promise him a fish with gold fins, and we're off. It's a pleasing, simple tale of the search for happiness which, after fights, captures, travels and storms at sea, he and his little band find at last when they come back to Novgorod. Home, sweet home, and not Isolationism or anything of that sort, is the moral. Sometimes the adventure (helped by the music) bustles and dances, sometimes it makes for prettiness and sometimes for fun, and there's an easy touch of fantasy. Delightful is the Eastern episode with its Arabian Nights splendour and the humours of the game of chess, and hardly less so the visit to the sea-king's realm (an improvement, by the way, on Disney). Even more I enjoyed the feeling for landscape: two charming glimpses, in winter and summer, of the birch wood where a girl goes to dream of her distant lover, the sun rising on the Novgorod domes, the dark cloud ceiling over the sea when they set out (beautifully 3-D), the rocky headlands, and Asian palaces. Lackadaisical charm; and I suppose we ought to be more than content with that.

Innocents in Paris is a star-studded British film, almost fascinating in its staleness. A haphazard plane-load of Britishers (as I suppose they'd be called), their disparate adventures, end of week-end, back to good old E. One can almost hear the behind-the-scenes conferences. Who have we got in? Alastair Sim, Ronald Shiner, Claire Bloom, Margaret Rutherford, Claude Dauphin, Jimmy Edwards. Ought to fetch 'em! And the good old tripe? Men officially kissing men on the cheeks, snails, feelthy postcards, exorbitant taxi-drivers, the Can-Can, the street dancing and room-service with sex. Anything forgotten? What about Alastair Sim doing a fling on the dance floor? That'll knock 'em flat. Alec Guinness did it the other week. They all do it.

So far as I could make out *Innocents in Paris* had two ideas: one as old as the Grampians, the other a shade newer. The old one was the Russian diplomat always saying No. The new one was the Englishman who spends all his time during a Paris week-end drinking English bitter in an English bar. Mr. Jimmy Edwards played this part, and got a game of cricket going. But *Innocents in Paris* has foozled its title. It should have been—how did they miss it?—*Gay Paree*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Mary Cassatt (1845-1927), at the Marlborough Galleries

Anyone who has ever tried to draw a baby will know how difficult it is. Even the Renaissance painters got round the problem by drawing little men rather than babies as such. The only artist I know who consistently succeeded was Mary Cassatt, the American friend, student and patron of the Impressionists. Her babies and very small children contain all the original truth that Mabel Lucie Attwell distorted by sentimentalization—the big eyes, the dimpled smile, etc., all their luxurious languor—*le bébé sensuel*, and, at the same time a dignity such as one finds in a Titian Madonna and Child. One can explain this in terms of the natural sympathies of her sex but the present show of 25 watercolours, pastels, drawings and oil paintings proves, as always, that achievement finally depends upon draughtsmanship: that is to say, upon observation springing from a mature understanding of the meaning of structure, and heightened by a sense of—the cliché is unavoidable—the size of life. I am not suggesting that Mary Cassatt was a great artist, but then we are obsessed by greatness and the difference between her and, for example, Degas or Courbet, both of whom influenced her, is not one of kind but of range. Anyway, go and look at her watercolour portraits (adults), the quick synchronisation between their wet brush strokes and the limpid analysis of planes (the images apparently "held fast" by the very surface of the paper as though a reflection in water), at such pastels as *Mère et Enfant* (No. 9) in which the "screwed-up" vermilion establishes the tension of the solid forms, evokes the pinkness of well-washed "talcum" flesh, and also somehow implies the natural nervous pleasure in the points of contact between the two bodies, or at the painting of the mother's hands in the early canvas *La Famille*. These explain Degas's remark "*Je n'admets pas qu'une femme dessine aussi bien que cela.*"

J. B.

"Alice in Wonderland," at the Royal Festival Hall

In my youth pink little boys were to be met with at fancy dress parties got up as White Rabbits and Mad Hatters; and to the critical child's eye they were obviously the victims of grown-up whimsey, as deplorable as they were embarrassing. On seeing Michael Charnley's new ballet for the Festival Company I find that my feelings towards Alice in Wonderland characters in the flesh have not changed. The creatures, on being transposed into ill-disguised human beings, lose their conflicting, fabulous quality and gain nothing; for the brilliance of their conversation is gone, while even dancers masquerading as animals are grotesque: the perfect grace of a cat or a whiting or a snail is quite beyond them. The caricatured humans are far more successful in this ballet: the Duchess, the Queen and King of Hearts are all lively and convincing; but Alice herself has—via Walt Disney—turned into a stagy little bit of goods. Belinda Wright, who plays this part, is an exquisite dancer, but her performance here is marred by a cheap sentiment that makes one of the most genuine little girls created in literature, vulgar and stereotyped. It seems that Mr. Charnley is most effective in his choreography when he gets right away from the book, for his dragonfly waltz is a lovely interlude of lyrical dancing, set amid a long sequence of waggish mime. Joseph Horovitz's music is highly competent and obviously pleasant to dance to; but, like the choreography, the decor and the lighting, it lacks sensibility towards the essentially atmospheric quality of Alice's dream. In their performance of *Les Sylphides* the Festival company showed extremely well. The *corps de ballet* has developed a generous and open movement that neither spoils its style nor prevents their keeping together, while Oleg Briansky and Natalie Leslie dance the *pas de deux* with a harmony seldom achieved in this most difficult and most perfect of ballets.

A. F.

"The Moon is Blue," at the Duke of York's

Take a Brooklyn country girl, put her on the Empire State Building, have her picked up by a smitten young bachelor, and send her back to fix a steak dinner in the bachelor's apartments. Into this tenth-story Eden insert one of those suave English grass widowers dear to the Anglo-Saxon playgoer. Provide your O. Henry heroine with a Scott Fitzgerald *Saturday Evening Post* situation, and simmer in dialogue of the *New Yorker* golden age. The result is the best sentimental comedy that has graced the West End for many years. Hugh Herbert's play is tender, witty, ironic, altogether enchanting: it has an ache and a kick in almost every line—like drinking side-cars to the strains of Gershwin. The scene in which the *roué* offers the girl six hundred dollars "without strings," is worth all Anouilh-and-Fry's pretentious tirades in *Ring Round the Moon*. Bill McGuire's bachelor is an admirably chivalrous foil to the girl and the wise old playboy. As the self-indulgent philosopher setting the perplexed young on the road to Epicurus's garden, Mr. Flemyng has never put his jagged charm to better effect. His wonderful "double-take" in the first act deserves the *jole!* it gets. (Strangely enough, the English *do* appreciate good acting when they see it.) As for Miss Lynn, one can only say she is perfect and magnoperative. Whether rebutting her true beau's advances, translating "promiscooity" into "sleeping around" for Mr. Flemyng's benefit, or diving convulsively for his dollar bills, she is the innocent Miss America of the convent and the soda fountain.

J. N. B. R.

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Correspondence

LABOUR AND SCHOOLS

SIR,—Mr. Ralph Morley, M.P., criticises the proposed division of secondary education into two stages because it "abolishes the selective examination at 11, but immediately proceeds to substitute another selective examination at 15." The central High schools would presumably accept all who desired further schooling if they could profit by it. Does Mr. Morley think that everyone should be kept at school without discrimination until 18, including those who cannot read? There must be selection of some sort at some time, but at 15 or 16 it can take a very different form from the present selection at 11. Why does Mr. Morley suppose that the proposal "postpones indefinitely the hope of raising the school-leaving age to 16?" When this step is taken there will be a greater choice for the 15-year-old than at present, for he will be able either to stay on at the secondary school, which will provide for an extra year, or move to the Tertiary school if he intends to stay longer.

Mr. Morley says that "the idea of a Secondary school from 11 to 15 presents enormous administrative difficulties." If so, the difficulties in the way of general provision of eight-year Comprehensive schools are well-nigh insurmountable. Such schools must be very large if they are to provide the variety of sixth-form courses normal in a good Grammar school, since only a small fraction of their intake will stay to pursue them. Comprehensive schools for a range of four or five years can hold six or seven streams and still be of a size to form one assembly, and for a competent Head to have some knowledge of his pupils and a thorough knowledge of his staff. Why should these schools of more reasonable size, for which existing buildings could in many cases be adapted, be harder to provide and administer?

Mr. Morley's most baffling statement, however, is that "the Comprehensive school did not abolish the Grammar school." A Grammar school has a selected entry, and, in order to reach standards imposed on it by the Universities and professions, bases its work on the abilities of the brightest of those selected, leaving a considerable number of the others (increased by the recent raising of the Certificate pass standard) struggling in the rear. It is unlikely that an eight-year Comprehensive school will be able to maintain the high academic standards of the Grammar school except by an abnormally favourable staffing ratio. Even in the proposed General school, whose A stream work will compare with that of the lower and middle Grammar school, standards may be expected to fall a little, but this must be accepted if we are to get rid of selection at 11.

The resolution from the Cambridge City Constituency L.P. accepted at Morecambe was "That this Conference is dissatisfied with the present system of selection of children at 11 for Grammar schools, and believes that the best method of providing secondary education for all can be found only through experiment with various patterns of secondary schooling, including its division into two stages, the first of which shall be in a Comprehensive school." Complete uniformity throughout the country is undesirable, and it would be wrong to compel the L.C.C., Coventry and Anglesey to abandon their experiments. Does Mr. Morley seriously suggest that the Labour Party would do this?

S. W. GREEN

SIR,—I cannot comment on the whole of Ralph Morley's letter about the Labour Party's proposals for Education, but I feel I must correct one misstatement of fact.

He says that the policy abolishes the selective examination at 11, but proceeds to substitute another selective examination at 15. There is no such suggestion in *Challenge to Britain*, and the selective examination at 15 appears to exist only in the minds of Ralph Morley and others who are whipping up opposition to the policy on imaginary points.

House of Commons. ALICE BACON

"THE CRISIS OF BRITAIN"

SIR,—Mr. Crossman raises a question of interest (in his review of *The Crisis of Britain and the British Empire* in your issue of July 11) when he asks for a Socialist definition of the difference between imperialist "exploitation" of a colonial country and the "constructive development" in a liberated former colonial or dependent country, such as People's China or the Central Asian Soviet Republics.

He suggests that the difference lies, not in objective economic facts, but in the political partisanship of the observer.

I would answer that the difference lies in objective economic facts, which can be indisputably demonstrated to every observer, independent of political opinions.

When the resources of a country, such as minerals mined by cheap native labour, are withdrawn from the country by a foreign monopoly, whose gigantic profits from their sale go mainly, not to raise the economic level or living standards of the people of that country, but to enrich overseas investors, this is typical imperialist colonial exploitation. (There are many additional forms, in relation to cash crops, terms of trade, etc.). Thus, to take the example of the Nigerian tin mines (see *Mining, Commerce and Finance in Nigeria*, edited by Margery Perham, 1948), in 1937 the value of exports was £2,496,000, the total profits £1,249,000, and the wages of 36,142 Africans employed £36,142. Each African tin worker produced a value of £69 tin exported, and received of this £9 2s. or 3s. 6d. a week, equivalent to less than one-seventh of the value produced. Profits amounted to £34 11s. per African worker, equivalent to a rate of surplus value of 380 per cent.

What of "Colonial Development and Welfare"? This term, incidentally, implies an official distinction between "development" and normal commercial exploitation. The total issues under the Colonial Development and Welfare Act of 1945 during the five years under the Labour Government from 1946-7 to 1950-1 amounted to £41,588,576, equivalent to less than ½d. per week per head of the population of the colonial empire, or less than the profits of a single major imperialist combine in one year, e.g. Royal-Dutch-Shell £190 million gross profits in 1950, Anglo-Iranian, £115 million, or Unilevers, £66 million.

The contrasting Socialist policy of assisting the people of a backward former colonial country to end their dependent colonial economy, build up industry, modernised agriculture, and an all-round balanced economy, and raise living and social standards, is illustrated by the Central Asian Soviet Republics, which under Tsarist colonial rule were on a level equivalent to the poorest and most backward areas of India or an African colony, and today are on an economic and social level equalling or outstripping many European countries. Alongside the modernisation of agriculture and vast increase of agricultural output there has been a gigantic development of industry, so that the industrial output now exceeds the agricultural output; electric power per head is twenty-seven times the level of neighbouring Middle Eastern countries; illiteracy has been conquered; the number of full-time students in Uzbekistan is 71 per 10,000 of the population, as against 16 in Britain: the number of doctors in Uzbekistan is 1 per 895 inhabitants, as against 1 per 1,000 in France and in Britain, or 1 per 133,000 in Nigeria. If Mr. Crossman can show even one-tenth part of these results in any colony of imperialism, we could begin to believe his contention that the difference is one of phrases and not of facts.

May I beg space for one last important point of correction? The main thesis of my book is to bring out the disastrous consequences of imperialism for *Britain*, and not simply for the colonial countries, and to show that the imperialist economic structure and its outcome underlie the chronic crisis, deficits on the balance of payments, crushing overseas military expenditure, dependence on the United States, etc. The assumptions of this imperialist basis and its consequent arms policy govern also the new Labour Party draft programme *Challenge to Britain* with its resulting black economic prospect. *The Crisis of Britain and the British Empire* endeavours to present a constructive alternative, not only for the Empire, but to solve Britain's crisis. Mr. Crossman, who appears to treat it as only a book about the colonies, ignores this main thesis and does not make clear whether he agrees or disagrees with it.

R. PALME DUTT

THE TRAFFIC WAR

SIR,—Your contributor, Norman McKenzie, in his article, "The Traffic War," does well to distinguish between road expenditure to increase the size and number of roads to accommodate the growing number of vehicles, and expenditure to make the roads safer and reduce the number of accidents.

Much confusion has been caused because the road haulage interests have sought to exploit public sentiment on road accidents in order to bolster up their case for road expenditure which should be argued on financial and economic grounds. Such arguments must take account of the fact that there is already a railway system which can handle many more passengers and much more freight than it does today. No less eminent an authority than Lord Llewellin, a former Minister of Transport and President of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, said in the House of Lords last year: "I do not believe that this is the moment at which any Government should deflect a large amount of manpower and national effort to a vast scheme of improving the roads of this country."

On the safety aspect of road improvements, Sir Alker Tripp, a former Assistant Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, said: "Country lanes that are narrow and winding can as a rule remain narrow and winding: they are safer so. Their office is to serve the need of the countryside and every single 'hazard' in their course steadies the speed of vehicles and discourages invasion by the fast driver. So-called improvements will often build up an accident record on a road that has been virtually accident free; the road had previously been so dangerous as to be safe." At the same time safety and traffic flow can be increased by improvements in built-up areas, some of which necessarily will cost a good deal of money.

It is impossible to say to what extent the various factors affect the accident trend. Apart from propaganda account must be taken of the continuous work of highway authorities within the limits of their resources, the greater proportion of children escorted to and from school by parents, school crossing patrols, school buses, pedestrian crossings and the sheer instinct of self-preservation in the face of growing dangers. But the sombre fact is that at present, in spite of all these factors, the number and severity of accidents are steadily increasing.

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THE CASE-HISTORY OF J. F. DULLES

SIR,—A report from your Washington correspondent in your last issue concluded with this categorical statement:

"The spectre that is haunting Mr. Dulles at this moment of choice is the memory of the abortive Warsaw Rising."

There is food for thought in this. One wonders how such personal information becomes public. Does it arise out of the routine journalist's interview?

N.S. & N. Correspondent: Good morning, Mr. Dulles. How are you to-day?

J. F. D.: Terrible, terrible. . . .

N.S. & N. Corr.: I'm sorry to hear that. What's the matter?

J. F. D.: I'm haunted by the spectre of the abortive Warsaw Rising.

Or is the subject dealt with by an official statement? TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: I, John Foster Dulles, do hereby give notice that I am haunted by a spectre, the said spectre being the memory of the abortive Warsaw Rising. Given under my hand, this day. . . .

Or perhaps your correspondent is an intimate in the Dulles household, and it happens this way:

N.S. & N. Corr.: 'Morning, John. How did you sleep? Still haunted?

J. F. D.: Yup.

N.S. & N. Corr.: Same old spectre?

J. F. D.: Yup.

N.S. & N. Corr.: The abortive Warsaw Rising?

J. F. D.: Yup.

N.S. & N. Corr.: That's bad. But I still think it's the cheese. . . .

Or was the whole matter uncovered by an organisation for Psychic Research?

Interviewer: One last question, Mr. Dulles: have you ever had manifestations from the World Beyond?

J. F. D.: Have I? I still do have.

Int.: That's most interesting. What form do they take? Signals? Ectoplasm?

J. F. D.: Ectoplasm nothing. I gotta specter.

Int.: A spectre? What sort of spectre?

J. F. D.: The abortive Warsaw Rising.

Int.: Oh . . . I see. . . .

I do not wish you to think that I am disposed to be flippant about American foreign policy, or about a tragic historical event. But you will probably agree that the baldness of your correspondent's statement encourages a certain extravagance of speculation.

J. A. TERRAINE

MALTHUS'S GHOSTS

SIR,—In his interesting article, "Malthus's Ghost," Mr. Ritchie Calder writes that "with a population excess we are subsidising babies through family allowances because the birthrate has dangerously declined." This, surely, is a misconception of the *raison d'être* of family allowances in this country. They are meant as a corrective to the wage system which, through its inability to take account of differences in the family responsibilities of wage earners, conduces to poverty as the size of the workman's family expands. (During the inter-war years, this was the principal cause of poverty in this country. As Lord Boyd Orr's *Food, Health and Income* revealed, in the '30s, between one-fifth and one-quarter of Britain's child population belonged to the largest families and the lowest family income group, in which income per head was less then ten shillings per week and expenditure on food averaged four shillings a week.)

In so far as family allowances operate to raise the birthrate, this is to be regarded as a by-product rather than as the primary aim of the scheme; and it is highly questionable whether experience in this country in this matter would be found to differ from that of other countries where family allowances were introduced as part of a "positive population policy," but failed in their objective. RICHARD CRANFORD

RACIAL EQUALITY

SIR,—Since you seem so interested in the question of Racial Equality in Central Africa, perhaps you can tell me how it happens that nearly 90 per cent. of the total land area of Northern Rhodesia (a country the size of Germany with a population of under two million) has been *permanently* alienated or set aside as "Native Reserve" or "Native Trust Land" (for *Africans only*.)

And also how it happens that if a "Coloured," Eurasian, Asiatic or European wishes to hunt game (and what other relaxation does Central Africa offer?) he must pay a licence of £2 (low enough I admit) to shoot a strictly limited "head," whereas *an African* pays only 2*s.* 6*d.* (!) and may then shoot almost what he likes?

Whereas Game Laws may seem a fairly trivial matter here in Europe, I can assure you that they assume a certain importance in a country where the meat of *one* elephant may be worth £150 and the tusks worth £100!

I have to remind you also that the harshness and unfairness of *outmoded* Game Laws played some part in Wat Tyler's Rebellion, and *an even greater part* in influencing the French Peasantry to join forces with the (otherwise alien) Paris "Commune"!

Finally, I have to remind you that Europeans *did* build the Railways, Post Offices, and Hotels in which they are discriminating against the African. I am *not* aware that Africans ever created the land or the Fauna wherein they (and their *Political Officers*) are discriminating against *us*.

Indeed, I am not aware that the Negro ever created *anything*.

Lancaster Gate, London, W.2. E. MUSPRATT

KENYA PRISONS

SIR,—When Peter Evans writes about the conditions under which Mau Mau prisoners are incarcerated in the Old Fort Jesus prison at Mombasa, he does, to my mind, seem to miss the point. For many years I was a doctor in both Kenya and Tanganyika, and was always closely associated with the prisons. They have always suffered from gross over-crowding. This in itself is no great hardship to the Africans; they are accustomed to it in their own homes and places of work, and they seem to like it. Whilst in prison, the African is invariably fed on a diet at least twice as liberal as that to which he is accustomed at home, and I rarely found a prisoner who did not put on weight and become healthier on his prison diet.

What is disquieting is that the Kenya Government, no doubt for good security reasons, has found it necessary to remove a mountain people like the Kikuyu from their cool highland homes on Mount Kenya and the Aberdares where they normally live between 6,000 and 8,000 feet above sea-level, to the hot, humid, malarial coast. People in England do not appreciate what a difference there is, in every respect, between tribes such as the Kikuyu and the coast Swahili. They have no common language, religion, customs or dietary habits, and to take a Kikuyu to Mombasa is just as much a change of environment as banishing a Finn to Sicily. There is in addition the considerable risk of malaria. The Kikuyu has built up no resistance, as most of his country, owing to its altitude, is malaria free. This is a very real danger; the non-immunised African adult with his first attack of malaria is every bit as ill as the European in similar circumstances, and even black-water fever in non-immunised Africans is not unknown.

Peter Evans' portrait of a visiting justice to Fort Jesus is rather unworthy, and should be disregarded. Such reporting tends to distract with sentimental political twaddle from what is really a very practical issue. DONALD LATHAM

St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.1.

SWARMING AND SUCH

SIR,—Stingability appears to vary with the individual. I have seen Mr. A. W. Gale of Marlborough (whose bees produced 50 tons of honey in 1946) manipulating some of his colonies without veil or gloves. He received one sting on his finger, due to picking up his handkerchief with a bee in it, although he handled them not nearly so gently as I have been taught to do. Many of the gazing rustics ranged around, including myself, were stung. Perhaps Mr. Gale can explain why.

On another occasion some bees on my allotment were busy stinging a neighbour, but were perfectly docile when I came to handle them. They continued to worry him as we each worked on our allotments. It may have been because he sweated freely.

I have found in my early bee-keeping days that the bees appeared to know I was a novice, and did their best to persuade me not to be a bee-keeper. With amazing speed they would find that my only vulnerable spot was the occasional slight gap between my gloves and sleeves.

Mr. Park would probably suggest that Mr. Denny put some of his clearer boards on a little earlier; that is, if Mr. Park approves of such new-fangled stratagems.

Thornbury. D. H. CUDMORE

EGLANTINE

SIR,—I have not seen the latest version of Madame Cécile Sorel's autobiography; but the unusually credible anecdote involving D'Annunzio, which is mentioned by your reviewer, seems to have lost some of its point owing to an ambiguity in the English translation.

Alluding to the description of D'Annunzio "twisting a branch of eglantine into a crown of thorns," your reviewer comments that "eglantine has no thorns." She is presumably taking "eglantine" to mean honeysuckle. But the French word *églantine* means wild rose . . . a fact which restores its full romantic value to D'Annunzio's gesture, for as all country-bred people know to their cost, the wild rose is quite exceptionally thorny.

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Books in General

To a biographer the early formative years of a writer must always have a special fascination: the innocent eye dwelling frankly on a new unexplored world, the vistas of future experience at the end of the laurel walk, the voices of older people, like "Viziers nodding together In some Arabian night," the strange accidents that seem to decide not only that this child shall be a writer but what kind of a writer this child shall be.

The eleven-year-old Conrad prepares his school work in the big old Cracow house where his father, the patriot Korzeniowski, lies dying:

> There, in a large drawing room, panelled and bare, with heavy cornices and a lofty ceiling, in a little oasis of light made by two candles in a desert of dusk, I sat at a little table to worry and ink myself all over till the task of my preparation was done. The table of my toil faced a tall white door, which was kept closed; now and then it would come ajar and a nun in a white coif would squeeze herself through the crack, glide across the room, and disappear. There were two of these noiseless nursing nuns. Their voices were seldom heard. For, indeed, what could they have had to say? When they did speak to me it was with their lips hardly moving, in a cloistral clear whisper. Our domestic matters were ordered by the elderly housekeeper of our emergency. She, too, spoke but seldom. She wore a black dress with a cross hanging by a chain on her ample bosom. And though when she spoke she moved her lips more than the nuns, she never let her voice rise above a peacefully murmuring note. The air around me was all piety, resignation and silence.

Stevenson is scared into Calvinism at three years old by his nurse Cummy: "I remember repeatedly awaking from a dream of Hell, clinging to the horizontal bar of my bed, with my knees and chin together, my soul shaken, my body convulsed with agony."

The young James at thirteen finds himself "overwhelmed and bewildered" in the great Galerie d'Apollon with its frescoes by Lebrun and the great mythological paintings of Delacroix.

> I shall never forget how—speaking, that is, for my own sense—they filled those vast halls with the influence rather of some complicated sound, diffused and reverberant, than of such visibilities as one could directly deal with. To distinguish among these, in the charged and coloured and confounding air, was difficult—it discouraged and defied; which was doubtless why my impression originally best entertained was that of those magnificent parts of the great gallery simply not inviting us to distinguish. They only arched over us in the wonder of their endless golden riot and relief, figured and flourished in perpetual revolution, breaking into great high-hung circles and symmetries of squandered picture, opening into deep outward embrasures that threw off the rest of monumental Paris somehow as a told story, a sort of wrought effect or bold ambiguity for a vista, and yet held it there, at every point, as a vast bright gage, even at moments a felt adventure, of experience.

It is impossible not to hear in such memories the opening of the door: in some such moment of "piety, resignation and silence" Conrad's brooding note of sombre dignity and laconic heroism was first struck, just as the Master of Ballantrae may have been buried alive in Stevenson's nightmare as years later in the Canadian wastes, while the great wide air of glory and possessions and "bold ambiguity" was breathed into James like a holy ghost at Pentecost in the great Paris gallery, where the spoils of Poynton gathered round the schoolboy and Madame Vionnet bloomed from the ceiling, a naked Venus.

Mr. Edel, in the first admirable volume of his three-volume biography*, leaves James at the age of 27, the education over, the writing just begun. It is a testing volume, for here the greater part of the material has been supplied with incomparable glamour and cunning by the subject himself, in *A Small Boy and Others* and *Notes of a Son and Brother*. Mr. Edel, with great scholarship and freedom from undue reverence, works his way in and out of this luminous smoke-screen: he never allows James to escape completely into the sense of glory. The grand old man of Lamb House has been shaped undoubtedly by these early years, but he was not a mere bundle of sensibilities, he was a man of great toughness, not unaware of the legend he was creating. A whole European visit of the James family must be eliminated from the autobiography, because it was one too many, an untidiness—it might have given an impression of a certain levity in the old Swedenborgian father. We are glad that Mr. Edel digs it up, just as we are glad to be reminded, as the old James recalls the young James's ardent Oxford pilgrimage, among "the perfect prose of the Gothic," which seemed to him (but did it at the time?) "a kind of dim and sacred ideal of the Western intellect—a scholastic city, an appointed home of contemplation"—of less intellectual preoccupations: "His constipation," William writes to another brother, "has been reduced to very manageable limits."

The young James emerges from under Mr. Edel's scrutiny more appealing, more honest even in his ambiguities, than the autobiographies let him appear. There was always a discrepancy between the James of the autobiographies and the James of the early letters—no doubt he *was* "a passionate pilgrim" in this astonishing old feudal world of Europe, but he was also in his letters more young, vividly alive and irreverent than the old man later allowed for.

> To crown my day, on my way home, I met His Holiness in person—driving in prodigious state—sitting dim within the shadows of his coach with two uplifted benedictory fingers—like some dusky Hindu idol in the depths of its shrine. . . . I have heard in the papal choir a strange old man sing in a shrill unpleasant soprano. I've seen troops of little tonsured neophytes clad in scarlet, marching and countermarching and ducking and flopping, like poor little raw recruits for the heavenly host.

The character in *The Altar of the Dead*, with his rather stifling reverence for a faith he couldn't share, would never have dared to be so amusing. Strether would have been more cautious—perhaps Chad . . . but Chad had his Madame Vionnet. If only at this period of his life, one is tempted to exclaim, James had had one too! The sexual relationship has this enormous value, that a bed contains a woman, a human being and not a sense of glory. It is impossible to be vague in bed, it is even difficult to be ambiguous.

In these early years the heaviest smoke-screen has always surrounded the mysterious accident that happened to James, during "twenty odious" minutes, when he was helping to work a pump at a small fire. (It was almost like filial imitation, for his father had lost his leg on a rather similar occasion.) Many absurd theories have been built upon this vague misfortune—some have even maintained that James was literally castrated. I remember many years ago being taken to task for suggesting that the accident was not in fact serious, but that its mystery and importance were deliberately inflated by James to explain his non-participation in the Civil War—in which his younger brothers behaved with exemplary gallantry. A sense of guilt may well have been responsible for James's exil in Europe—he had no wish to face the returned heroes or to watch their shabby future—and for his almost hysterical participation in the first world war. Mr. Edel has organised a great deal of evidence to support this view—even James's own self-conscious words: "To have trumped up a lameness at such a juncture could be made to pass in no light for graceful." (The Old Pretender perhaps was trying to confuse us with an elaborate double bluff.) Within three days of the fire—so Mr. Edel reveals—James was travelling and "radiantly" visiting. Mr. Edel's summing-up could not be bettered.

> The hurt is "horrid" but it is also "obscure." It is a "catastrophe" but it is in the very same phrase only a "difficulty." It is a passage of history "most entirely personal," yet apparently not too personal to be broadcast to the world in his memoirs, even though when it happened he kept it a secret and regretted the necessity of making it known. It is also "extraordinarily intimate" and at the same time "awkwardly irrelevant." This is perplexing enough. James compounds the mystery by giving no hint of the kind of hurt he suffered, although at various times during his life he complained of an early back injury, which he usually dated as of 1862. That he should have chosen to omit all specific reference to his back in his memoirs is significant; in some way he seems to have felt that by vagueness and circumlocution he might becloud the whole question of his non-participation in the Civil War. To the error of omission—"error" because of the consequences of his reticence—must be added the effect of his elaborate euphemisms: the use of the words *intimate, odious, horrid, catastrophe, obscure* and the phrase *most entirely personal*. These had an effect not unlike that of the unspecified "horrors" of *The Turn of the Screw*. His readers were ready to imagine the worst.

There is a freedom and clarity in Mr. Edel's first volume which promise well for the following volumes. The middle years are about to begin, and on these—apart from the letters, the unfinished autobiography and stray hints in the introductions to the novels—James himself has provided little material. Yet it was in these abandoned years behind the facade of the social figure, Half Moon Street breakfasts, dinners in Cadogan Place, memories of Mrs. Greville and Lady Waterford, "my group of the fatuously fortunate"—that the greater ambiguities stand like the shapes of furniture in a great house shrouded in dust sheets Now the lights are about to go on, a hand will twitch at the sheets, and James himself, who nosed with such sensitive curiosity around the secret in *The Sacred*

* *Henry James. The Untried Years. 1843-70.* By LEON EDEL. *Hart-Davis. 25s.*

Fount, would surely be the last to complain of a detective of such gravity and honesty, even if he should have to come to deal with what James might have considered the "all but unspeakable."

GRAHAM GREENE

DISCOVERY

It seems we have discovered
A land of birds, like standing corn,
A land peopled only with echoes
And exiles, crowding the shell-girt rock.

They stand, committed to silence.
It is as if we have banished them there,
Or as if in them we once betrayed
The secret of our nature.

At sundown we disembark among ghosts
On turrets and gables of aquamarine
To reach through nightmares of peacock-ice
The castle and crystal turrets of childhood.

Walls all glistering with the lustre of cut glass
And cornices dripping with stalactite we scale
To come face to face with fright herself,
Still upright in a mammoth full of hair.

There is no advance across pale landscapes of memory,
Full of murderous ridges and rock-shadow.
These are the deserts of eternity
Lost in the tideless pull of the moon.

With not the least glide in the world
We plunge on through eras where
In the Tertiary Period, among tropical forest,
Magnolia blossomed, with cactus and caddis-fly,

Till the earth slipped away from the sun,
Like a drowning man borne backward in the tide,
And dissolution crystallised, to be sealed
In the book called history, underground;

And the sea rose on a thousand wings,
And coasts shone out like craters in the moon,
And skua, clinging to these cliffs,
Wove nests of detritus.

J. F. HENDRY

MAP-MAKERS

After the journey we can fill the map
We shall not need; that map can only show
The journey that we need no longer go

Because we know its contours. And we love
Only what has not yet a certain shape;
The love we feel is the dimension to

Any great work, it is completed powers,
Only diminishing when we survive
Beyond the journey and the mapping. Ours

Is will to steer upon a wider course,
Not charted afterwards, not formed by love,
But yet to be the finish and the cause.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

DETAIL

Fingers groping for a tiny dent
In the smooth surface of the timeless monument;

Eyes exploring a circumscribed and boundless section of the mountain;
Sweat pricking the skin and the hot blood mounting;

Toes tensed above nothing, above infinity,
On a ledge that is next but one to the imaginary:

An infinitesimal detail in one's life,
This crazy equilibrium on the blade's edge of a knife.

CHRISTOPHER HANCOCK

THE INFORMER

Witness. By WHITTAKER CHAMBERS. *Deutsch.* 21*s.*

The spiritual autobiography of Whittaker Chambers—on whose perjured word Alger Hiss, and with him the whole New Deal, was found guilty of disloyalty to the American way of life—is not only a fascinating political document but a literary work of horrifying power. Since Kingsley Martin discussed its larger implications in this journal when it was first published in the United States, I confine my attention, in noticing this excellently produced British edition, to the personality it reveals. The parallel which springs to mind is John Bunyan. *Witness* is our century's *Pilgrim's Progress*, the confession of an abject sinner, who has repented in agony and now humbly exults in testifying to a loathsome past, which has been thrown off like Christian's burden. Was Bunyan a psychopath, or a saint, or a bit of both? Could he distinguish sharply between his memories and his visions? It doesn't matter in the least, because his writings are literature, not legal evidence. But in the case of Chambers this question haunts the reader from the first page to the last. I have no doubt whatsoever of the sincerity of his conversion from Communism to Quakerism, or of the genuineness of his conviction that he was appointed by God to sin, to be saved, to testify and, through his testimony, to save America. He sees his whole life as providentially ordained, the miserable childhood, the years in the Communist underground, the kindling of the inner light, the years of spiritual convalescence, divided between *Time* Inc. and the farm he loves, and, finally, the supreme moment when he is called to destroy Alger Hiss, himself and his wife in order to defeat Satan.

What distinguishes him from Bunyan, as it distinguishes the twentieth century from the seventeenth, is the death urge which, on Chambers's own account, has been the motive of his life and the inspiration of his writing. He knows that the man who informs against his friend must destroy his own soul by the act of betrayal.

> There is in men a very deep-rooted instinct that they may not inform against those whose kindness and affection they have shared, at whose tables they have eaten and under whose roofs they have slept, whose wives and children they have known as friends—and that regardless of who those others are or what crimes they have committed. It is an absolute prohibition. It is written in no book, but it is more binding than any code that exists. If of necessity a man must violate that prohibition, and it is part of the tragedy of history that, for the greater good, men sometimes must, the man who violates it must do so in the full consciousness that there is a penalty. That penalty is a kind of death, most deadly if a man must go on living. It is not violent. It is not even a deepening shadow. It is a simple loss of something as when a filter removes all colour from the light. I felt its foretouch. It was soon to be on me.

And again:

> I cannot ever inform against anyone without feeling something die within me. I inform without pleasure because it is necessary. Each time, relief lies only in the certainty that, when enough has died in a man, at last the man himself dies, as light fails.

Even for God's elect, says Chambers, the wages of sin is death, and the informer, though he does God's will in testifying, wounds himself mortally by so doing. No wonder the idea of suicide was his lifelong preoccupation! No wonder he attempted on two occasions to kill himself while he was giving his evidence to the Committee on Un-American Activities! Here is a divided soul, a pacifist at peace with himself in the regenerate calm of the Quaker convert, but also a tortured neurotic, who reflects on his brother's suicide in the following terms:

> That this world was dying both brothers knew. We differed as to how to face the fact. My brother's way had the grace of disdain and simple subtraction. . . . This view I understood. In part, I shared it. In so far as I was gentle, I shared it. But I was not only gentle. Deep within me there was a saving fierceness that my brother had lacked. If you kick my dog in the stomach, though I have refused to fight one hundred times, and will refuse again, that time I will wait and fight to destroy you. I cannot help myself. Within me there is a force. It says that that gentleness, which is not prepared to kill or be killed to destroy the evil that assails life, is not gentleness. It is weakness. . . . It is the permanent temptation of the Christian who, in a world of force, flinches the crucifixion which alone can give kindness and compassion force.

The man who uses the symbol of the Crucifixion to describe the destruction of an enemy, and yet believes himself to be a Quaker, reveals a riven personality. There are passages in Chambers's description of his childhood which remind us of Edgar Allan Poe. Here are tales of mystery and imagination which chill the reader, but the trouble is that they are presented as statements of fact and not as the visions of the story-teller. I now see why Lord Jowitt remarked in his recent book that, having read this autobiography, he could no longer accept Chambers as a credible witness in a court of law. But the Hiss case had a significance far beyond the actual trial of one man. It is an awe-inspiring thought that, through the self-immolation of this tortured soul, the New Deal, with all its achievements and aspirations, was also killed.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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depended upon the palest printed reflections of them, so fresh and so magnetic, so full of a far from archaeological meaning? We *know*, by normal standards, almost nothing about them. Probably what we have of ancient painting is simply a random sample of minor, provincial productions, miraculously preserved. But possibly Campanian art was quite exceptional—the richness of a school in which the Villa of Boscoreale was not a rare masterpiece seems past belief. Much of this painting is evidently Greek in origin: some of it may none the less be national or local in character. But we cannot tell precisely what, and may never be able to. This ignorance, even when as ably and informatively camouflaged as it is by Dr. Maiuri, is fundamental. It amounts to nothing less than an inability to judge the originality or the quality of any surviving picture. Yet for some reason it does not greatly matter: these paintings—fine or indifferent, whichever they are—have a profound significance, and a significance, in particular, for painters.

Historically, one thing is clear: Campanian painting was a renaissance art, in the sense that it was based on a revival of received types. We can indeed imagine we see, in some of the assorted styles of which there is evidence, combinations of derived forms with primitive simplicity of representation or naturally flowering, rhythmical line, which are analogous with the developments of the fifteenth century. The analogy may be illusory or false, but it is impossible to overlook the existence side by side with these styles, of others (whether developed in succession or not) corresponding not only to the Hellenistic Baroque but also to a specifically pictorial and very recognisable Rococo phase. An ancient Carracci or even (from the House of the Dioscuri) a Luca Giordano is not perhaps unexpected, but to recognise a Salvator, Ghezzi, Baschenis, and, finally, the very vision and touch of a Campanian Guardi—that is startling. It is also, I think, strangely inspiriting, and this tells us much about European art and about ourselves. These analogies are not technical: one could not have believed that so much of the character of our own art could exist apart from its major technical discoveries. There are few direct historical links: the later pictorial cycle developed almost independently of the first. The lesson, and the consolation, lie in the discovery of constant elements which underly *all* painting in Europe, and the discovery, too, that renascence may have been, after all, the perpetual internal condition of its tradition.

If we fancy, or fear, that the logic behind the stylistic development of the last five centuries, is now inapplicable, or the chance result of social and ideological circumstance, this knowledge may sustain us. The logic, the common element, and the range of its metamorphoses, were full grown before our styles or our society were born. The achievements of our epoch, even its capricious Monsu Desiderio, for example, and the lightest hieroglyphic dash of Constantin Guys) are not so much anticipated by the past as revealed by it to be inherent in what painting means to European man.

Historical method exaggerates, or used to, the extent to which tradition is continuously transmitted through direct influence. This idea of history gives painters an obscure sense of weariness, and it does historians no good to conceal from themselves how often it fails to fit the facts. It is equally possible to imagine that, whatever of style is directly transmitted or not, the essential inheritance is an idea, an attitude to the pictorial surface and its potential image, in which, like a nucleus, everything else is contained. It is perhaps for its intimation of this, for the sense that a common possession far deeper than style is within us and alive, that the journey to Pompeii, or a substitute for it, has for some painters (and some historians) a special value. Renoir luckily managed to afford the trip, but few are now so fortunate. There was a real opportunity here for colour reproduction and the publishers have risen to it. Nothing else in their luxurious series justifies itself so well.

Mr. Reynolds's book, though delightful, is by no means so necessary. He is concerned with pictures in which the "Victorian scene is represented with recognisable exactness"; he begins with Wilkie's *Chelsea Pensioners*. This is, in a way, an unpromising start—among works of the time G. R. Lewis's Herefordshire harvesters are both more recognisable and a better anticipation of the element in Victorian painting, a smaller one than Mr. Reynolds supposes, which has something directly to do with real life. The hint is confirmed: he likes what is, in the current view, diverting as well as what is realistic, and finally, when his last point against "significant form" has been driven home, it remains uncertain whether he does not enjoy scandalising the reader whose tastes remain behind the fashion best of all. The game of scoring off the Victorians is certainly obsolete, but the level of critical discussion here does not suggest that that of scoring off Mr. Clive Bell is due for any longer life. Mr. Reynolds is an excellent historian; if his attentions here were seriously engaged he would not, for example, allow essential inscriptions on otherwise incomprehensible pictures to go untranscribed, nor would he fail to discuss photography, which stimulated and then broke the realistic movement—even Carlyle's references to Tait's malodorous photographic apparatus are missed. The art for which Mr. Reynolds is looking is that of the illustrators—they are reproduced in a haphazard selection which looks like an afterthought—while the true defence of many of the pictures which he very reasonably likes is surely not as realism but as popular mythology. In Orchardson (plate 89) the serenity of a *profil perdu* and the rhythmical swing of a bustle announce not so much, I suspect, a pattern of manners, as a popular myth which became a popular joke. His lady is the archetype of all those heroines who, as their ultimate retort, "swep' out." Most readers will make a number of delightful discoveries among these plates. The book has another, quite exceptional usefulness. Just as the Skira volume is the present for a serious painter, this is the very art book to give to anyone who is not greatly interested in art.

LAWRENCE GOWING

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON

W. B. Yeats: Letters to Katharine Tynan. Edited by ROGER MCHUGH. *Clonmore & Reynolds.* 18*s.*

Here, at last, we have the fledgling letters of the young Dublin poet who as yet is all feathers, but has managed to make a first hazardous flight to London. It was not a happy flight, and these are not fine letters. But in the afterlight of a poetic life that grew so painstakingly to majority, and of a personality so fully revealed by Yeats himself (William Tell his wise wife called him), they are uniquely important documents, and we are grateful to Dr. McHugh who has carefully re-collected them from the obscurity of a Californian library.

In 1887, at the age of 22, the gentle dreamy Willie Yeats (Symbolical Bill my uncle christened him) was plunged by his parents into the whirlpool of London; like a diver in deep seas he clung anxiously to this life-line of correspondence with the poet, Katharine Tynan, whom he had met two years before in Dublin. His letters bubble with provincial protest: "Any breath from Ireland blows pleasurably in this hateful London." "It can give me nothing. I am not fond of the theatre, literary society bores me, I loathe crowds." He has all the home-bred arrogance of shyness;—"I have met some literary men over here with the usual number of *bons mots* and absence of convictions that characterises their type." It was a shyness which later he corrected with a mask, but to the end of his life he remembered how Oscar Wilde disapproved of the colour of his shoes. He has, too, the prickly heat of poets: "I hate journalists. They have all made what Dante called the Great Refusal. That is, they have ceased to be self-centred, have given up their individuality. The shallowest people on the ridge of the earth." He shows a growing interest in Irish themes for his poetry: Ireland for him spelt integrity; it preserved him from loss of self. Though he might mount his horse and gallop madly off in all directions—into folklore, theosophy, politics, art, the occult—yet he kept his probity: "All seems confused, incoherent, inarticulate. Yet this I know, I am no idle poetaster . . . Some day I shall be articulate." The early draft of *Innisfree* which he sends to Katharine Tynan is evidence of this; here is the clear visionary core of the poem, a little ballooned, as usual, and clouded by the verbiage which afterwards he was to remove so ruthlessly.

These London years were worrying ones for the gifted and devoted Yeats family. The brilliant J.B.—The Prodigal Father, Willie called him—painted portraits largely for little money. "Jack is drawing 'Menu' cards and 'Race' cards." "Lily goes every day to William Morris's to embroider. So far she gets thirteen shillings a week." "Lolly is teaching at a Kindergarten School in Bedford Park but will get no payment for a year." "I send the 5s. I owe your father," writes Willie to Katharine Tynan, "I was about to send it some time ago . . . but there was a sudden call for money—we were changing houses." Everything went into the family "swally-pot." "I was at Morris's last night. He says he makes only a hundred a year by his books, all told."

It was a serious business for the young Yeats. "I have written lately everything with a practical intention, nothing for the mere pleasure of writing, not a single scrap of a poem all these months." He was copyist, editor, commentator by turns, but mostly he wrote for magazines. "I am to write a series of articles on the difference between Scotch and Irish fairies for some new paper. These articles are to be done on approval . . . All will go well if I can keep my own unpopular thoughts out of them. To be mechanical and workmanlike is my present ambition. I must be careful in no way to suggest that fairies, or something like them, veritably exist." He hopes for work on the Dictionary of National Biography and Chambers's Encyclopedia. "When I cannot write my own thoughts—wishing never to write other people's for money—I want to get mechanical work to do. Otherwise one goes into the whirlpool of insincerity from which no man returns." London at the end of last century, differed from the London of today. "In those days," said an elder poet to me once, "the editors of most papers made a point of keeping the crumbs for the poets. Nowadays they don't."

These letters give a pleasant but scanty picture of the Yeats household, of the carefree Jack shouting Sligo nonsense-rhymes about the house:

> You take the needle and I'll take the thread,
> And we'll sew the dog's tail to the Orangeman's head.

But what about Willie lying in bed all day, while the family friends and funds fumed and fretted, and his father felt called on to defend him? "I knew," said he, long afterwards, "that something was brewing in Willie's mind. And so it turned out. He was composing *The Wanderings of Oisin*." "To me," writes Willie to Katharine Tynan at the time, "the hope of regular work is a great thing, but Papa sees all kinds of injury to me in it. It makes him quite sad." J.B. believed in creative indolence.

"Todhunter says my bad writing and worse spelling will be against me but thinks I may get something in the way of an assistant librarianship." The trouble was that Willie was ill-qualified for a job; his education had been erratic if not eccentric, yet all his life he had a remarkable capacity for picking up ideas from other people's talk. "One of the greatest lacks nowadays," said Jack Yeats to me once, "is that in middle-class families there's no talk at mealtimes. Everybody sits mum at the table and father

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gets behind a newspaper. But it wasn't so in our household. Father always carved, and so he ate last and bolted his food. But when he wasn't eating he was talking. About anything he happened to be thinking about—arts, politics, poetry or the day's news. And he never talked down, or explained to anyone. No, it was left to people to pick up what they could. And it was there that we picked up most of our education." And what talk! When the prodigal father went at length to America people used to pay to come to dinner with him. If young Yeats lacked the let's-get-this-straight approach of the academic world he at least had the all-round-table knowledge which belonged to a less urban and less specialised society—Ireland.

London had its compensations. At one time the poet had thoughts of marriage with Katharine Tynan. "Who told you," he writes evasively, "that I am 'taken up with Maud Gonne'? I think she is very good-looking and that is all I think about her." But in a letter to O'Leary, seven weeks earlier, he is clearly having second thoughts. No doubt his ingrained attitude of how-happy-could-I-be-with-neither-were-the-other-dear-charmer-away prevented any resolution of the marriage problem.

> Heart-mysteries there, and yet when all is said.
> It was the dream itself enchanted me.

"How are you today?" asked a friend, meeting W. B. Yeats in a Dublin street. "Not very well, not very well," was the answer, "I can only write prose today." As a letter-writer the poet could never hold a candle to his brilliant father. Yet, strangely, he did; for a Dublin friend of the poet confided to me that, when the prodigal father went to America, Willie, out of his meagre income, made him a yearly allowance on one condition—that he should write letters home. "Willie," remarked a fond Irish maidservant once to a visitor, "isn't as big a fool as he looks."

W. R. RODGERS

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The American West has been the ruling passion of Mr. De Voto's life, and the subject of most of his incisive and scholarly prose. He has not only lived with its documented history; he has identified himself with its suffering, its heroism, and above all its problems, as his present championship of Indian rights has proved. He has not been alone in his affection or in his scholarship, but there is no popular American writer who has done more to disentangle fact from legend without diminishing those who created a continental nation out of a wilderness.

Now, at last, the journals and logbooks read, the references cross-checked, and many of the pioneer trails tramped and ridden in the search for elusive answers, Mr. De Voto has written the book that both he and his readers are likely to regard as definitive. It is the story of the discovery and the penetration of the American West by the restless men of four empires, contending among themselves for mastery of a territory at whose size and wealth they could only guess, and whose geography was purely mythical until they drew its map in blood and sweat.

First, the Spaniards, pushing in through Florida and Mexico, looking for another Eldorado, and the Seven Cities which were always just one more day's march beyond the end of their trail of massacre; priests and conquistadors, burdened with cassocks, armour and illusions, trekking through the South and up to and around the Grand Canyon. Then the French, masters of the wilderness waters, pushing West and South from the Great Lakes, harassed by the British from New England and Hudson's Bay, losing Canada in the end to Britain, and, quite illegally, selling vast Louisiana to the infant empire that was to fill in the continental outline. It was metal that beckoned Spain, furs for which France and Britain fought, the trade routes of the Northwest Passage and the River of the West which drew on Alexander Mackenzie and the Northwesterners. But the United States, once founded, was driven West to survive. As soon as the Appalachians were crossed, the geopolitics of survival demanded control of the Mississippi system: there could be neither British forts on its headwaters nor French nor Spanish settlements at its mouth. From there, strategic logic and Jefferson's political vision sent Lewis and Clarke on their epic journey up the Missouri, across the Rockies and down the Columbia; finally they linked the oceans.

Mr. De Voto never loses sight of the imperial conflicts which are the motive forces of the explorations. But his focus is on the men those conflicts drove out on fantastic errands—the firstfooters—and on the Indians whose country they were traversing and were later to take away. There have been longer and more detailed accounts of many of the expeditions described in this fascinating book, from Cabeza de Vaca to Meriwether Lewis. But Mr. De Voto knows the whole literature, and he has an admirable sense of perspective. He throws new light on many problems that anyone who studies the history of Western exploration is bound to ask—especially those that arise because few of the firstfooters knew what they were looking for or where they were really heading. Their geography was mostly worse than useless. They were dazzled by myth, and by what their imaginations made of the stories that Indians told them. They were addled by preconceptions and deceived by mapmakers and Munchausens. And, all the time, they were plagued by the climate, the terrain, hunger, disease and, really the least of their afflictions, human enemies.

All this makes a complicated story. Mr. De Voto steers his readers through a maze of names and dates and places as skilfully as any *voyageur* taking his birchbark through white water. But he has rightly refused to destroy his book by too much simplification, and there are some passages where it is difficult, even for someone who knows the lay of the land, to visualise just what his men are doing and where they are. I have travelled over substantial parts of several of the trails described in this book, and I have some familiarity with the story of the men who blazed them. But many times I found the decorative maps quite inadequate, and had to search out more orthodox ones that did justice to the text. Mr. De Voto, moreover, has a great descriptive skill, which makes exciting reading of his books. But few of his British readers, at least, will ever cross the wide Missouri themselves. It would have added much to their pleasure and to their understanding if he had been able to include a few photographs of some of the landmarks that meant so much to his pioneers, or illustrations such as the Miller paintings that so distinguished his last book.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

NEW NOVELS

Somewhere A Voice is Calling. By JOHN LODWICK. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Wandering Eye. By HUGH MASSINGHAM. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Itself to Please. By MARY CRAWFORD. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Schirmer Inheritance. By ERIC AMBLER. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Synopsised, Mr. Lodwick's new novel would doubtless appear just another limp slice of that *à la mode* beef which has lain in the shop window of contemporary fiction so long now that the flies have got at it: dumb-ox, ex-commando, not very clever, fixated on the memory of his dead, dazzling and faithless wife, goes gunning for the Machiavellian vice-consul who seduced her in the first place, got him his job in the consular service, and is now, he believes, the lover of his second wife: anguish for breakfast and blood for supper. But novels, except very bad ones, have little to do with their synopses, and *Somewhere A Voice is Calling* has given me more immediate pleasure than any new English novel I have read for several months: it is by far the best of Mr. Lodwick's books that have come my way.

The pleasure partly arises from the nature of Mr. Lodwick's imagination, which is picaresque. The novel begins in Provence, moves to Barcelona, takes in an archaeological excavation on Minorca, shifts to Valencia, goes back to Provence, returns to Spain; and during all this we assist at Lucky Strike and heroin smuggling from Tangier to France and Spain, at a quixotic Spanish bank robbery by the Spanish underground movement, at a murder.

But fundamental to all this is the character of Mr. Lodwick's hero, Desmond Thornton, the minor consular official who is always in trouble because the violent act is his only means of expression. There are moments when it seems that his author's grasp of him falters; at times he talks too well and too wittily. All the same, he is a striking representation of a type common to all classes and cultural levels, the self-imprisoned man who can resolve the problems that beset him only through violence, the man for whom war is the ideal condition of life, because in war his normally anti-social behaviour receives social sanction. And wherever he goes, Thornton has the art of starting up, like hares under his feet, amusing and very vividly drawn characters, taxi-drivers, house-agents, business men, priests.

Then there is something else: Mr. Lodwick is lavish with his words. He is not afraid of lyricism or even of the purple patch; and how pleasant this is when so many novelists handle their typewriters with the caution usually reserved for tommy-guns and dare nothing more than the short sharp burst. Mr. Lodwick uses words as though he loves them. His use of metaphor is adept, too, and he uses metaphor especially to describe and reveal his characters and their behaviour; and this opens them up, enlarges them, gives them at times even something like

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universality, for metaphor is one way in which the special case may be generalised. As a recreation of the Mediterranean lands the novel is brilliant, and Minorca in particular comes through as a new discovery. The pleasure I get from this novel is pleasure from its successive parts rather than from the work as a whole, but I don't grumble at that.

Excellent, too, is *The Wandering Eye*, again in my view by far its author's best novel. Mr. Massingham's hero, the selfish old sensualist Mr. Brockhurst, is well conceived and sharply observed:

> Mr. Brockhurst was an eccentric, it was a role he had cultivated shortly after observing his first grey hairs. To grow old was inevitable, what was inexcusable was to be mousy—in short, to be a bore. So he had accentuated the oddities that are accumulated after a certain age and now insisted on a number of conventions he knew were outmoded. It annoyed him to find that his Edwardian clothes had recently become fashionable and at the time of his illness had considered taking to the wide flapping trousers so smart only thirty years ago.

Motoring in France after his illness, Mr. Brockhurst finds himself in the remote French village in which as a very young man he has simultaneously had an affair with the innkeeper's wife and fallen in love with and then deserted the daughter of the local impoverished aristocratic family. He meets both women again, and a third, a middle-aged floosie of the kind that has provided him with a succession of mistresses for years. *The Wandering Eye*, then, is essentially a comedy of self-discovery. The comic invention is felicitous, and absurd though Mr. Brockhurst is, Mr. Massingham portrays him with much more sympathy than has been his habit to indulge in in his other novels, a sympathy which, as the charm of this one shows, amply pays. The description of the aristocratic Lisles, who still utter the names of Voltaire, Rousseau and Montaigne "only in a scream of anger and disgust," is extraordinarily good; there is a delightful comic manservant and then, right at the end of the novel, an equally delightful old pansy, Mr. Brockhurst's confidant, Henry. *The Wandering Eye* is a novel of genuine distinction.

To read *Itself to Please* is like meeting not so much an old friend as an acquaintance one has known for more years than one cares to remember. As the title indicates, it is a study of the various modes of love, set mainly among undergraduates at Oxford in the last years of the Thirties. Miss Crawford handles her theme and her contrasted characters with adroitness, and she writes precisely and with wit. If only, one felt, she had let herself go; she might then have written something sizable. As it is, I found my interest in her novel faint; one had met the characters, however skilfully presented, too many times before in too many well-bred middle-class novels.

It is an altogether unexpected and disturbing experience to find oneself bored by Mr. Ambler. Possibly if *The Schirmer Inheritance* had carried an unknown name, one would have found it less unsatisfying; but in this story of a young American lawyer who combs Europe in order to find the heir to a fortune, the first moment of excitement does not occur until page 169, and the remaining one hundred and one are devoted to explaining it.

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The Science of Mind and Brain. By J. S. WILKIE. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.

One's first impression of this book is, on the whole, decidedly favourable. The style is agreeable and lucid, serious but not heavy. The conveniences so often omitted from a small book, such as an index, a glossary, and an adequate supply of references to original sources, are here provided. And the treatment will be comprehensible to the student and the "general reader."

What the author does is to give a "naked eye" description of the brain in relation to what he conceives to be the principal aspects of the mind. It is a "naked eye" view in two senses; literally, because the reader is scarcely ever invited to look, in imagination, through a microscope; metaphorically, because the author has brought no intellectual microscope—or telescope either, for that matter—to bear. Not that he does not try; a mere scholar—a walking repository of facts—could hardly have tied himself up in the following remarkable knot:

> But if everything that goes on inside our heads is the brain, and if . . . we allow that in some sense our minds are in our heads . . . the mind is part of the brain by definition.

There is no common usage by which so material a lump of jelly could be described as that which "goes on" (except in the recondite sense, which the author certainly does not mean, in which all matter is a "going on"—a happening).

But this is a trifle. Once the author gets warmed up, he runs rapidly and skilfully through the main anatomical features of the brain, raises some problems of perception and recognition, mentions some queer facts about the growth of the nervous system, describes the relation between body dimensions and brain weight in various animals, and touches on sundry physiological topics. From this platform he dives into a sea of facts concerning brain size and intelligence, and the effects on mental functions of injury, disease, surgery and electrical stimulation of different parts of the brain. He collects a number of quotations about "integration" and the like, and points out some of the more obvious traps in such "O.K. words." Finally he emerges with a few inconsequential pages on cybernetics. These last could well have been omitted; if cybernetics is anything serious at all, it is a branch of applied mathematics, and the author, with commendable modesty, does not pretend to understand it. Instead, he might usefully have said something about the alpha rhythm and other "brain waves" in relation to behaviour.

The general effect of this approach is to leave a feeling that, though the facts alone, disjointed as they are in the present state of knowledge, are worth the money, the "science of mind and brain" has somehow got lost. But perhaps only a genius could have rescued it.

W. E. HICK

SHORTER REVIEWS

Portrait of the Prince Regent. By DOROTHY MARGARET STUART. *Methuen.* 18s.

Setting out to rescue George IV from what she calls the unfair misrepresentation of the Whig dogs, Miss Stuart has arrived somewhat late upon the scene of action. Victorian moral standards have long since gone by the board; and many redeeming features have been discovered in the mean and contemptible creature depicted by Thackeray. The Regent's taste in architecture is now approved, his patronage of the arts is applauded: even the extravagant pleasure he took in dressing up seems to be justified by the splendour of his appearances in public. If we still find his sexual life deplorable it is not on account of the number and blowsiness of his so-called mistresses but because the function of these ladies has been so mistaken. What with one thing and another George IV appears in middle age to have been quite incapable of actual adultery.

When asking us to take a more charitable view of her Prince Miss Stuart is knocking at an already wide-open door, but she is careful not to ask too much. Not all the latest information about him has been favourable. Princess Charlotte's opinion of her father, as revealed in her Correspondence recently edited by Professor Aspinall, tallies with that of his critics more than with that of his supporters, and makes it impossible to deny that in all personal relations he was cold and treacherous in spite of his exquisite manners. This new material naturally debars Miss Stuart from any attempt at too much moral rehabilitation. Instead she directs our attention away from the dubious psychology of the Regent himself to the undeniable glamour of the Regency period from 1811 to 1820; and embellishes her biography with many delightful extracts from long-forgotten newspapers and magazines.

Experimental Studies in Psychiatric Art. By E. CUNNINGHAM DAX. *Faber.* 18s.

In this book Dr. Dax describes some experiments in the use of painting and drawing as aids for treatment and diagnosis, carried out since the war in Netherne Hospital, of which he was Medical Superintendent. The material he was able to draw upon was varied and wide. Over 20,000 paintings, all documented, were produced, and those who worked in the studio with the encouragement of a professional artist included both chronically disturbed patients and curable psychoneurotics. In particular, he examines the significance of the eye as a recurring symbol in patients' work (he mentions, incidentally, various Egyptian superstitions, including the strikingly poetic one that man was formed from the tears that dropped from the eye of the sun-god on to the dust); describes the very interesting and sometimes surprising results obtained by setting patients to paint their impressions of certain pieces of music (Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* stimulated 13 out of 17 listeners to paint scenes of unusual morbidity!); and makes some tentative suggestions about the effect of leucotomy operations on artistic creativity.

Although the book is lucidly written and well illustrated, it may well only appeal to those already interested in the subject. In fact, its great virtues are its thoroughly scientific caution, its careful description of the precise conditions and limited purpose of each experiment and its refusal to generalise about Art, Madness, Symbolism or any other popularly over-simplified subject. Nor does it confuse values: the general value of a work of art as such, and the particular "factual" value of mental hospital paintings, which are the equivalent, on a very much more complex level, to blood or urine specimens—Christopher Smart and a few other schizophrenic exceptions notwithstanding. It is a book that, appropriately to the extent of our present knowledge of the subject, poses questions rather than

devises answers: general questions such as how far music can be relied upon to stimulate definite moods; and particular questions such as that raised by Dr. Mackay's and Dr. Guttman's discovery that under the influence of mescalin, artists reproduce spontaneous patterns which are all closely related to the fixed pattern formed by the blood vessels at the back of the eye.

Elizabethan Poetry. By HALLETT SMITH. *Harvard University Press: Cumberlege.* 32*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Smith declares that his purpose is "to study the nature of the creative process in the last quarter of the sixteenth century in England"; and he gives his chapters subtitles like "Modes of the Search for Vitality" and "The Growth and Adaptation of Forms". His book, however, is much more useful and less pretentious than this would suggest, being in fact a learned and orderly contribution to literary history. Beginning with pastoral, as conventionally the lowliest of the kinds, he discusses it in its main divisions of lyric and eclogue—subdividing the first into complaints, invitations, palinodes, love dialogues, blazons and dance songs. He then passes to Ovidian poetry, which he approaches by way of an illuminating review of the ramifications and influence of the story of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus. The going is sometimes a little heavy, largely because Mr. Smith is concerned that there shall be no misapprehension at elementary levels; it may be felt, for instance, that few who are likely to persevere with a work of this kind need be apprised that "in the Ovidian tradition sexuality was of course an important element." Nevertheless the exhibition alike of the mythological poetry, the sonnets, satire and epic, shows a notable command of what is often bewilderingly rich and subtly interrelated material. There is an excellent chapter on poetry for music.

Prolegomena to Any Future Metaphysic. By IMMANUEL KANT. Translated by PETER G. LUCAS. *Manchester University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.* and 10*s.* 6*d.* (paper covers).

This is the first volume in a new series of philosophical classics. The aim of the series is to make available works "which have hitherto been either inaccessible or inadequately rendered": and in choosing Kant's *Prolegomena*, the publishers have made a most auspicious beginning. Hitherto, this work has fallen into both categories: the various unsatisfactory translations of it have, in this country at least, been long unobtainable. Yet, for any serious student of philosophy, it is an indispensable book. The *Critique of Pure Reason* may be the peak of Kant's achievement, but the *Prolegomena* is the best starting point for anyone anxious to make an attempt on it. And, as de Quincey remarked, an interest in Kant is a sure index of an interest in intellectual concerns.

Written just after the *Critique*, the *Prolegomena* were intended by Kant as an introduction to his philosophy. That is not to say that it is an easy book. But to use this as a criticism is to suggest that it could have been easier: and there is no reason at all to think that this is so. This present translation contains some well conceived "aids to study". Of these, the lay reader will be most appreciative of an excellent comparative table setting out the correspondences between the *Prolegomena* and the *Critique*.

Man in Evolution. By M. R. SAHNI. *Orient Longmans.* 15*s.*

An odd consequence of British imperialism is that one can find, scattered throughout the world from the tropics almost to Antarctica, copies of school and university textbooks written solely for use in Britain. Perhaps sometimes this does not matter, but it is hardly appropriate for Madrassi or Tasmanian students of biology to be forced to learn detailed descriptions of species confined to Europe. Fortunately new books are at last being written by and for the inhabitants of these diverse areas, and Dr. Sahni's is one which can be read with profit even by natives of the United Kingdom. It is a popular account of geology and paleontology, with the examples taken, wherever possible, from India or other Asian countries. The emphasis, as the title shows, is on the most recent rocks and on the human or pre-human fossils and early tools found in them. It is up to date, unconventionally but attractively written, and fully illustrated with rather rough line drawings. Despite the India-centred outlook, important material from elsewhere is given adequate treatment. There is an excellent account for instance of the recent discoveries of the *Australopithecinae* of South Africa. In their body skeleton these "man-apes" are hardly distinguishable from rather small humans, but in their skulls they show an extraordinary mixture of the human and ape-like. In brain-size they seem to have been below the human range and it is rather unlikely that they made tools. They make an excellent link between the early man and the uncompromisingly ape, and by themselves make necessary the re-writing of all texts on human evolution.

Dr. Sahni is heterodox in some of his views, including a leaning towards Lamarckism and a penchant for cranial "bumps". More important, however, he is concerned with the significance of his science for human beings today, and ends with the hope that there may soon be struck "a happy balance between man's spiritual and material needs." To this end Dr. Sahni has made a genuine contribution.

Meet the British. By EMILY HAHN, CHARLES ROETTER and HARFORD THOMAS. Illustrated by SPROD. *Newman Neame.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This bright little introduction for American visitors has an eye to catching us, too. After all, as the blurb says, we *have* a sense of humour, and two of the three authors are English. However, Miss Emily Hahn, whose "controversial articles on the British male created something of a sensation," sets the tone. Nothing much controversial here: she has the traditional fun with plumbing, class, cricket, food, dogs, and trains. Some inevitable chestnuts roll out including "Continent Isolated" during a fog, and her teaparty seems to go back twenty years. Queues, rationing, and the poverty of the rich add a more contemporary tinge. We—or they—learn that we are slow to change, whereas "America has always changed herself swiftly and painlessly" (during the Civil War and the Great Slump, for example); that on train journeys we are both too talkative (p. 41) and quite speechless (p. 91); that we drink more per head than any other nation; that there are strange things like kippers and coal fires; that to the average American Conservative and Socialist are no more distinguishable than Republican and Democrat to us.

They, on the other hand, are open-natured, free and incisive of speech, democratic, comfort-loving, logical, and, of course, rich. Their trains go farther and are bigger than ours, though it's rude to say so. They seem to have the advantage on all points—except possibly for that sense of humour with which we display or wrap up our woad. We must be humoured on this. The arts don't appeal much to either: at least they aren't mentioned here. *Meet the British* offers good advice on how to get about London and how not to disappoint one's hosts; in fact, along time-honoured lines it will help us all to be more British or more American, as the case may be.

Roman Gaul. By OLWEN BROGAN. *Bell.* 21*s.*

For the British the Roman occupation was an episode; for the French it was the dawn of their national life and culture. For six hundred years a Roman civilisation flourished peacefully in Gaul and its traces lie thick: camps and roads, theatres and baths, aqueducts, farms, tombs and temples, sculptures and mosaics remain in abundance, and for the layman bewildered by such an *embarras* this book will be invaluable. Well illustrated, intelligently arranged and neatly written, it can attempt only the barest introduction to its subject, and even then possibly attempts too much. A more illuminating and less factually informative essay might have served the purpose better. None the less, it is an excellent example of elegant compression.

The subject imposes its own pattern. Forced into relations with Spain by the Punic wars, Rome needed an overland connection with her new colony, and local quarrels gave, as they did to the British in India, a good excuse for intervention and occupation. Hence the Province of Transalpine Gaul; and thence, between 118 and 50 B.C., the piecemeal subjugation of the tribes which lay to the north, until the frontier of the Empire came to rest along the Rhine; there to

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remain until the Roman garrisons deserted their posts to back their fancy in the Imperial stakes, a new wave of Teutons swept the land, and the last scrap of Roman territory was abandoned in A.D. 475. During this period a military occupation mellowed into urbane civil government. Roman patterns of farm and town and temple were imported, took root, flourished and decayed, their decay furnishing a rich compost for the Carolingian future. Not in Provence alone, as this book shows us, are the treasure-houses of Roman antiquities to be found: the bones of empire are piled high at Trier, at Boulogne, at Bordeaux.

The moral is clear. This book fits snugly into the pocket of a car, and should heighten the pleasure of many summer holidays.

Ugo Foscolo : an Italian in Regency England. By E. R. VINCENT. *Cambridge.* 25s.

The name of Ugo Foscolo, ever revered in Italy as that of a great poet, is today almost unknown in England, yet the unhappy man spent the last eleven years of his life here in exile. Such is the cruel barrier of language which not even genius can jump. Foscolo fled to England from the reactionary regime of the Austrians in Italy in 1816, and as a famous poet and patriot was received with open arms into Whig society. But one cannot live in London on patriotism, and still less on Italian poetry. In 1827, after years of dodging his creditors under false names, he died obscure and penniless. He had tried to support himself in various literary ways, by lecturing and reviewing, editing Boccaccio, commenting on Dante, publishing a volume of essays on Petrarch; but he was terribly handicapped by his inability to write English. His work was scribbled out in no known language, a sort of bastard French, and had to be translated before it was presentable. In his native tongue his muse was dumb : he never wrote another poem after leaving Italy.

In this excellent book Mr. Vincent brings Foscolo back to life. He has searched for mention of the famous Italian among contemporary records with remarkable success; and consequently has been able to put together an almost complete record of the poet's sad decline into destitution. The story reflects no discredit on our national behaviour to refugees. Foscolo was generously helped on all sides, by motherly aristocrats as well as Quaker bankers, but he himself was a fish out of water, and an extremely intractable fish at that. He was "ugly as a baboon," red-haired, irascible, argumentative, untruthful, and in money matters unreliable and wildly extravagant : in fact he exhibited the well-known traits of an aggresssively artistic temperament to which ordinary mortals find it so hard to accommodate themselves. In addition, after a run of success in warmer climes he fancied himself as a great lover, and proposed to two English girls of good family one after the other. He had no means to support a wife, nor was ever likely to have any, and the mercurial treatment which he was obliged to undergo continuously rendered him even less eligible as a husband. Yet he was astounded by his rejection: he was convinced that ladies must love him. And indeed they might have done so, had they been able to appreciate Italian poetry, for Byron had set a fashion for such romantic adorations. But all the English ever saw was Foscolo, the tiresome man; Foscolo the genius had remained in Italy, a closed book except to his compatriots.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,221

Set by Naomi Lewis

Prizes are offered for a poem in six, seven or eight lines explaining or defining one of the following : Existentialism, hedonism, romanticism, philistinism, cynicism, suburbanism, imperialism, enthusiasm, diplomacy, hypocrisy. Entries by July 28.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,218

Set by Daniel George

Nietzsche's list of "Impossible People" included the following : *Seneca*, or the toreador of virtue ; *Dante*, or the hyæna that writes poetry in tombs ; *Victor Hugo*, or the lighthouse in the sea of nonsense ; *Carlyle*, or pessimism after indigestion ; *John Stuart Mill*, or offensive lucidity. Competitors should submit a list of their own six "Impossible People" (sparing the living, of course) with tags on the model of Nietzsche's.

Report by Daniel George

Pity the living were excluded. By far the best lists (sent to me privately) were *hors concours—et pour cause !* Many competitors failed to make the nice distinction between an Impossible Person and a *Bête Noire*. Some included monsters. Who would have expected Nero, Torquemada, Rasputin, Hitler, Mussolini and Himmler ? Or such harmless creatures as Martin Tupper, Mrs. Hemans and Amanda Ros ? But most of the 54 competitors, rightly inferring that Nietzsche's "impossibility" attached to certain types of philosopher and man of letters, followed suit. The Superman himself was, not surprisingly, top of the black poll. To see him closely followed by Shaw, with Wordsworth on his heels, was rather a shock. Hardy and Dr. Johnson tied for the next place. Swift ran neck-and-neck with Kipling. Matthew Arnold was not entered. Strange! Adam led the Biblical characters, four points in front of Solomon and St. Paul. Queen Victoria led the royalties.

Most of the lists had a good remark or two, but no single list struck me as first-rate. Competitors evidently were hard put to it to be intolerant—their heart wasn't in it. To ask them for six "Impossible People" was apparently to ask them for five too many. I liked A. M. O. R.'s "*Dickens*, or the sobbing curiosity" ; Pibwob's "*Nietzsche*, or Hate-in-a-Mist" ; J. P. Stevenson's "*Spengler*, or the waxwork Man of Action" ; Frank Dunnill's "*Browning*, or the curate-gondolier" ; P. M.'s "*Ramsay Macdonald*, or a National Zero" ; and Bernard Rebel's "*Dostoevsky*, or Doomsday, steppe by steppe."

No list was without some duds. After due hesitation I award three guineas to L. G. Udall and one and a half guineas each to E. F. Carritt and Edward Blishen.

PLATO, or the Racketeer of Liberty.
HENRY JAMES, or the mouse in the china shop.
DEAN SWIFT, or meat before grace.
CARDINAL NEWMAN, or the versatile verisimilitudinarian.
BOSWELL, or the butterfly at the treadmill.
TOLSTOY, or religious insomnia.

L. G. UDALL

NIETZSCHE, or the Supermadman.
BACON, or the nam SHAKESPEARE.
STERNE, or Sentiment and Shandygaff.
FANNY BURNEY, or the Baby Austen.
QUEEN VICTORIA, or amusing but not amused.
GUY FAWKES, or the everlasting bonfire.

E. F. CARRITT

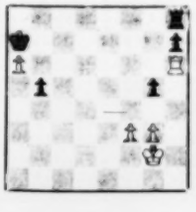
WILLIAM BLAKE, or verbosity among the visions.
DR. JOHNSON, or the megaphone of chop-logic.
ANTHONY TROLLOPE, or the chattering pillar-box.
LAURENCE STERNE, or hiccups as a fine art.
DR. W. G. GRACE, or the quack too proud for the duck.
COLUMBUS, or gratuitous curiosity.

EDWARD BLISHEN

CHESS : Toujours L'Audace

No. 198

To be roused by so stirring a battle-cry one need be neither a Danton nor any revolutionary ; a Rook and Pawn Ending will do. For in that type of endgame it is almost a truism that aggressiveness pays while timidity and strictly defensive measures may well lead to disaster. Here—sent in by P. B. Sarson—is a significant position reached at the adjournment of a recent London match, sent up for adjudication, and returned as a win for Black, the adjudicator's line (in the main variation) being (1) . . . P-Kt5. (2) K-B2, P-Kt6. (3) R-R1, K x P. (4) R-QKt1,



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YOUNG couple at business all day require someone to look after two-month-old baby and small house in North London suburb. Will be treated as member of family. European or coloured person would be suitable. Box 616.

THE Shakespeare Players, an amateur group meeting in Central London, require actors for Autumn Production. Box 676.

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HOLIDAY post, resident, two boys 5 and 8. Between July 18 and Sept. 20 or near. Write Bromley Undercross, Whiteleaf, Princes Risborough.

A WEEK'S canoeing and swimming camp offered free to 2 London boys 10-14 who might not otherwise get away from town this Aug. Waterboys, 41 Bartlemas Rd., Oxford.

HOLIDAY Spain/Italy. Radio Designer Driver/Mechanic, 32, seeks join Jewish party, August/September; has Linguaphones, Tape Recorder. Box 630.

SOUTH of France, easy reach Nice. To let in picturesque village, charming, furnished apartment, mod. comf., sleep 2-3. Free middle Sept. Box 553.

WILL anyone blessed with country home take lecturer, 34, male, as p.g. during August? Box 549.

QUIET room suitable painting, free board, offered to young girl now, capable of doing ten days' housework and childcare end October. Coloured girl welcome. Box 541.

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PSYCHOLOGICAL treatment on private consultant lines. Partics. from Sec., London Centre for Psychotherapy, 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., London, W.1.

DRAMATIC Societies, Managements or Authors can stage Productions or Try-outs at Irving Theatre, Irving St., W.C.2.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

ST. Swithin's Day on the 15th, but even forty days of rain won't spoil the results on Ferrania—the guaranteed film.

GENOA, Florence, Venice, Innsbruck, Paris. A leisurely small party tour for the lover of beauty. Deps. Aug. 2, 30, Sept. 13; 15 days, 49gns. Mr. North, c/o Allways, 17 Sicilian Ave., London, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

MOROCCO—now a holiday there would really be an experience, and by no means as dear as you may think. See page 71.

AUTHORS and Artists, new or established, invited to contribute details of work for publication. Send name and address, not MSS etc., to Monkton, 140 Salisbury Square House, E.C.4.

BACKWARD Child. Classes & treatment in Marylebone for handicapped children of all ages. Partics.: Dr. Mona Rolfe, Ph.D., Flat 1, 27 Holland Park, W.11. Park 8500.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

KINGSTON Clinic Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

PSYCHOLOGIST, Mrs. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

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NEWLANDS Reg. Nursing Home, Langley Hill, King's Langley, Herts. Tel. K.L. 2519/3333. For med., post-operative & convalescent patients. Reduced terms prof. people.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Priv. lessns/classes Ballrm. dancing. WEL. 4841.

P.S. Summer's lease has all too short a date and Harold Ingham is now busy on his ski programme. Still a few vacancies, however, for August and September in summer school parties to Rome, Venice, Palma de Mallorca, Lausanne—but hurry, time is short.

P.P.S. For summer school programme and for 1953-4 ski programme (in preparation). Write to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Phone Harrow 1040.

Photocells on exhaust pumps during final stage of manufacture.

PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

ONE of the earliest electronic devices to strike the popular imagination was the photoelectric cell or "electric eye". The public became familiar with it as a gadget for mysteriously opening doors or sounding burglar alarms.

The modern emissive photocell continues to perform these tasks, but in addition it is employed in a wide variety of control and measuring equipments which are already indispensable to industry.

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R-QKt1. (5) K-K2, K-R4. (6) K-Q2, K-Kt5. (7) K-B1, R-B1 ch. (8) K-Kt2, R-B7 ch. (9) K-R1, R-R7 mate. But neither the player of White (A. J. Rudge) nor Sarson and their team-mates were satisfied with the decision, and they got it reversed by substantiating their claim for a draw. Naturally, all their variations are as aggressive as they ought to be in that sort of ending; here is one of them.

(1)		P-Kt5	(7) P-B4	P x P
(2)	K-R3	P-Kt6	(8) P x P	K x P
(3)	K-Kt4	P-Kt7	(9) P-B5	K-R4
(4)	R-R1	R-QKt1	(10) P-B6 !	K-R5
(5)	R-QKt1	P-R3	(11) P-B7	R-KB3
(6)	K-R5	R-Kt3	(12) R x P	R x P

White can secure a draw in every variation. Here is a position obtained in a recent match game by J. R. Harman, one of our most assiduous ladder-climbers. As he expected, his opponent (Black) played B-Kt6, and the sequel was (1) R-K1, B x P. (2) Q-Q4, B-Q2. (3) R x P ch, B-K3. (4) Q-QKt4 ch, K-Q1? (5) Q-Q6 ch, K-B1. (6) R-Q5, R-Kt2. (7) Q-B6 ch resigns. (4) . . . K-Q2 would have been relatively better, but Harman had planned to counter it by (5) R-QR5.

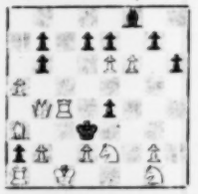
A: O. Bernstein 1926

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black forced a spectacular win in a couple of moves. The other two pieces are as home-made as they ought to be in a "Readers' Own" week. **B** is a mate in 9, but hardly too difficult for 6 ladder-points if I add the broad hint that White indulges in a sacrificial orgy to the very limit technically possible. **C** was inspired by our recent "legal" problems, and it is quite difficult enough to rate 7 points, although it is a mere "mate in 1½." I will even give the actual solution here and now by revealing that Black is to mate by promoting his QRP after White has finished castling. But it remains to be proved why exactly White must be in process of castling.

Usual prizes. Entries by July 27.

B: Leslie Hale 1953

C: W. Heidenfeld 1953



REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set June 27

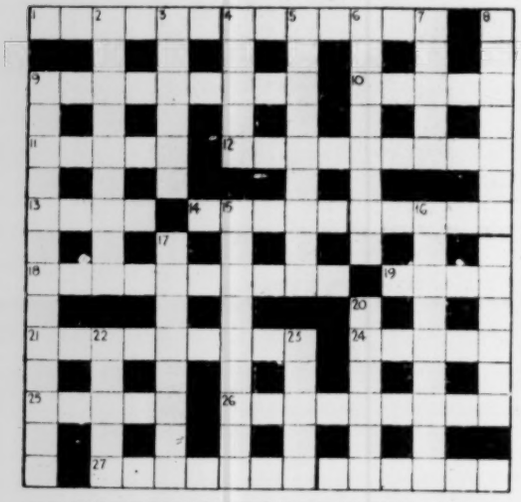
A: (1) P-Q3 ch, K-R6, (2) B-Kt4 ch !, Kx B, (3) K-Kt2 stalemate
if (2) . . . P x B, (3) K-Kt1, P-Kt7.
B: (1) P-B6 !, P x P, (2) K x P, P-R8 (Kt !), (3) R-KKt2, P-B4, (4) R-K2 !, P-B5 (5) K x P, Kt-B7 (6) K-B3, Kt-R8, (7) R-KKt2
if (6) . . . Kt-R6 (7) K-Kt3, etc.
if (2) . . . P queens (3) K-Kt3, and with the diagonal blocked the Q cannot stop the mate from QR1.
C: (1) Kt-B8 ch !, B x Kt, (2) B-K7 ch !, K-B2 !, (3) B-Q8 ch, K-Kt1, (4) B-B7 ch, K-R2, (5) P-K4, P-Kt3 (6) B x P ch, K-Kt1, (7) B-B7 ch, K-R2, (8) B-Kt8 ch, etc.
(1) B-K5 ch could be countered by K-B4, (2) B-Q4 ch, K-B5.

Many competitors, while paying considerable attention to the rather obvious refutation of (1) . . . P-B7, dropped a point or two by ignoring the main line in **B**. Even so, a good many flawless solutions. Prizes shared by A. E. Harris, F. R. Oliver, P. B. Sarson, A. Schneider. *Londoners' 10th move Kt x Kt. Non-Londoners' 11th due by July 22nd.*

ASSTAC

Week-end Crossword No. 57

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 57, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 28th July.



ACROSS

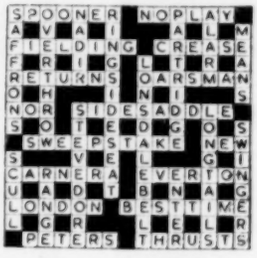
1. Overfed guests of a City association? (6, 7).
9. When the heat is turned on, they give evidence (9).
10. Be more than 90 in the shade returning (5).
11. In what is achieved the queen makes up for the idle one (5).
12. The devil is about to spoil one good passer-by (9).
13. Beards of the cultivated (4).
14. The wretched girl saw the evil reformed (5, 5).
18. This is exorbitance, but maybe the Scot shows signs of worry at a bob (10).
19. The irritation of changing without swing (4).
21. There might be crises after the river tests (9).
24. An author of *Microcosmographie* (5).
25. The teacher shows annoyance at the beginning (5).
26. Creata as in foreigners (9).
27. The right to have one's own views (7, 6).

DOWN

2. Noblemen with or without weapons (9).
3. Severe alterations for those in office (6).
4. Royal defence on board (5).
5. Pals spoil winning moves (9).
6. Bevanite rush of blood? (8).
7. Perhaps Cathay loses a vessel (5).
8. Accounts taken from scale-maps? (7, 6).
9. A hundred homes granted a town (13).
15. A touching greeting (9).
16. At the farm this is left after mowing (9).
17. With shocking ability (8).
20. Florentine family doctor with a different ending (6).
22. An actor who is certain to be in the next Rank film (5).
23. Gave out a letter order (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 55



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 55

M. B. Harrison (London), Miss N. Mackie (Newcastle-on-Tyne), B. H. Taylor (Woodford Wells).

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. Sept. 8gns., Oct. on, 6gns. incl.

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THE Slipway House, Port Isaac, Cornwall. Perfect for a restful holiday. Every comfort in a charming old-world setting. Directly facing harbour. Magnificent cliff & country walks, good touring centre. Broch. 6-7½gns.

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WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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B.B.C. invites applications for limited term temporary appointment as Script Editor, Drama Department (Sound). Work involves responsibility for administration of Drama Script Unit which promotes supply of dramatic material for Home Service, Light and Third Programmes and maintains liaison with outside authors and adapters. Knowledge of requirements of sound radio and interest in developing its dramatic techniques are essential. Extensive literary background, powers of critical assessment of popular entertainment and serious writing, a University degree in literature and personal contacts in the literary and dramatic fields, would be advantageous. Appointment will be temporary by contract, renewable annually at salary from £1,300 to £1,500 per annum, according to experience and qualifications. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1 marked "S.E.—N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

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CHELSEA. To let from Aug. 4, in private house in Square, convenient Sloane Sq., well furn., quiet bed-sit. 66s. wkly. inclusive good brkfst., light, heat, baths. 'Phone available. Suit bachelor. Box 589.

PRIMROSE Hill. Fur. B/S rm. in priv. flat, prof. girl welc. Reas. Box 664.

LONDON. Studio attic partly fur. for 2, ckg. facs., perm. Also lge. d/bed-sit., 2 sgle. beds, ckg. facs. Aug./part. CAN. 2890.

SUNNY large bed-sitting room, charmingly furnished, quiet road off Platts Lane. Use of telephone, bath, elec. kitchen, garden. Telephone HAM. 1406.

TO let: two furnished rooms, share kitchen/breakfast-room, etc. Suit one or two professional women or married couple. Finchley Road, nr. Golders Green. Box 706.

SUNNY divan-room, hot water, cooking fac.; 2 mins. Hampstead Heath, Finchley Rd. 2gns. HAM. 9830.

LARGE sunny ground-floor bed-sitting room. H. & C. Elec. cooker, linen, etc. 3gns. 12 Elsworthy Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 0236.

TO let week-ends (Fri.-Sun.) small furn. flat in modern block, c.h., e.l. Central London. £6 month. Box 519.

N.5. Furn. s/c. quiet top flat, 4 lge. rms., own bthrm. Sep. lav. Gas, power, geysers. Adults. 5 gns. wkly. Box 781.

LARGE single divan-room offered woman. Good situation, quiet street, W.10. Cooker, Ascot. Use bath, etc. Box 751.

LONDON.—Comfortable divan-sitting room in riverside flat, garden, 'phone, 3gns. weekly inc. light breakfast. Box 761.

WESTMINSTER, smallish bed-sit. room in pleasant private house, cooking fac., suit gentleman, cleaning, linen, 45s. p.w.; ditto, larger, 55s. p.w. Box 757.

TO let: well-furnished single bed-sitting room in new house, constant hot water, linen, service. HAMpstead 8698.

WELL-furn. bed-sit. room N.W.3, to let with own cooking facs. £2 10s. Some use of lounge. PRI. 2843 after 6 p.m.

PROF. woman has 1 or 2 pleasant well-furnished rooms to let to another, in flat overlooking Primrose Hill; use kit. and bath-room. 2½ gns. p.w. for 2 rms. Box 789.

WOLDINGHAM, 20 miles London. Comfortable home offered, one person. Good cooking, large garden. 4gns. wkly. Box 687.

SOMERSET, near Wincanton: Civilised all-elec. farm cottage, sleep 4/5, service avail.; free most of summer, 4½ to 6gns. wk. according circumstances. Box 38.

PHILLEIGH-in-Roseland. Very comfortable fully furnished s/c flat, 4 double bedrooms, c.h.w., elec. light, long or short lets, available from noon August 10 onwards. Box 705 or Portscatho 52.

HOUSEBOAT f. sale. Perm. home. Mains elec. £400. Moored Laleham. Box 696.

WANTED to rent, unfurnished large old house with own garage, large rooms min. 3 recep., 4 bed.). Lee-Blackheath area. Polson, 14 Pembroke Rd., Bromley, Kent.

YOUNG couple marrying this month urgently req. accom. as unfurn. as possible London area. Both working City. Box 570.

YOUNG teacher (f.) urg. needs room or rooms E. London (furn./unfurn.). Ckg. facils. No attendance. Reas. rent. Box 686.

YOUNG writer (employed), wife and child, desperately seek unfurn. s/c flat, Central London, moderate rent. Box 691.

UNF. acc. London reqd. by yng. couple by Sept. Rent in advance. Box 767.

MUSICIAN urgently requires unfurnished maisonette, Kensington. Rent approximately £200, no premium. Box 753.

OXFORD. Grads. seek furn. flat or house, 3-6 beds., up to 1 mile Glos. Green, from Oct. Farquharson, Brasenose College.

WANTED, by girl student, large un/partly furn. room, kitchenette, bath., 'phone; wd. share. Chelsea/Chancery Lane vicinity from Sept./Oct. Max. £100 p.a. Box 517.

N.Z. family, one child, seek furnished flat or cottage London area or easy access, beginning of August. Box 673.

INDIAN journalist on India's only British paper, "home" on leave with family, desperately needs flat/cottage London/country Aug.-Sept., 8-10 gns. p.w. Box 760.

YOUNG couple require cottage for honeymoon in quiet southern rural/coast area, Sept. 5-15. Box 529.

MISCELLANEOUS

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fietag, 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

GIN Traps are no longer needed! I can send particulars of 11 other ways of killing rabbits. Also write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling you how to kill domestic animals and poultry, and White list of furs humanely obtained. Major C. Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc., 189 Shoreditch High St., London, E.1. 'Phones: Shoreditch 3889/6046.

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ENVELOPES, 1,000 6 × 3½, Buff, 12s. Warson, 7, Newton Avenue, N.10.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

BERKSHIRE, Ridgeway Village. Cottage awaits owner of corresponding personality. 7 rooms, bthrm., garage. All mains. Telephone. £2,300 vacant possession. Box 759.

CORNWALL, North Coast, for someone wanting unspoit country. Attractive house, high sunny sheltered position overlooking sea, 2 sitting-rooms, 3/5 bedrooms, Aga kitchen, bathroom/lav.; ¼-acre garden. Freehold. Possession. Approx. £2,900; offers considered. Box 285.

ATTRACTIVE freehold 6-room Cottage & land; piped water, Calor gas, large stone-built garage & good loft, outbuildings, large productive gdn.; 11 acres including woodland; price £1,500, vac. poss. end Sept. McCann, Broderi, Llanfynydd Rd., Carms., S. Wales.

IN the ancient and charming town of Ashburton (lying at the hub of the South Devon tourist and holiday traffic) a period house, situated in a main thoroughfare, well-equipped and widely reputed as a café and guest house, is for sale. Apply Box 520.

FOLKESTONE (outskirts). Building plot, 44 ft. frontage × 180 ft. No road charges. Architect's plan approved by council. £200 or offer. Box 659.

FOR Sale. £250 payable sterling. Dordogne, France. Small stone cottage, suit artist. Perfect condition. Situated 10 minutes' walk from St. Leon-sur-Vezère in cave district. Excellent view over valley. Cistern water. House 10×6 metres externally. 2 rooms, loft. 2 acres, fruit trees, vineyard. Box 683.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. K.G. 15gns., Junior and Senior Schools 18gns. The School has a small group of weekly boarders and there are 2/3 vacancies at present. Boarding charge 25gns. p. term in addition to tuition fees.

FORTIS Green School, 68 Fortis Green, N.2, is opening a Nursery Department in Sept. for babies under 2 years, with few vacancies for children between 2-5 yrs. Daily 8.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Tel. Tudor 1266.

HILL House, Steeple Claydon, nr. Bletchley, Bucks, home boarding school, co-ed., 2-12. Fees £50 term. Good academic results. Children/parents welcome in holidays. Mrs. J. E. M. Winter, B.A.

THE New School, Kings Langley, Herts. Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 6 to 18. The well-balanced and comprehensive method of education, based on Rudolf Steiner's principles, avoids early specialisation and aims at unfolding the individual faculties and gifts of the child while developing truly social impulses. Preparation for School Leaving Examinations. Moderate fees. Prospectus on request.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School: 38-40 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3. PRI. 4306. Boarding School: Temporarily Hampstead. Boys and Girls. Recognised Ministry of Education. Realistic Modern Approach. Preparation for exams. E. Paul, Ph.D. R. D. Gardner, N.F.U.

WINDRUSH School, 55 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3 has a few vacancies—children 3-11 years, for September term. Apply Secretary, PRI. 3039.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss B. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: "Horizon," complete from July, 1941; Original Drawings by Phil May, £1 each; Spanish and Russian Linguaphones, £6 each; Complete set Italian Linguaphone Records, as new; Handmade Clavichord, £21, offers.

WANTED: Elizabeth Taylor's "A View of the Harbour," pubd. Peter Davies; Handbook Marxism; Trotsky's History; Foolscap Filing Cabinet.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

ENTERTAINMENTS

MERMAID on Royal Exchange (Man. 7616). Bernard Miles in "Macbeth." Mon., Wed. & Fri., 6 p.m. Tues. & Thurs., 8.15 p.m. Sat., 2.30 & 8.15 p.m. 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Last 2 days, 5.0 & 8.0. "Arms and the Man," with Alec Clunes, and "The Bespoke Overcoat." "Beautiful y played." Daily Sketch. Mems.

MERCURY, W.11. July 15-25 at 8 p.m. Paul Draper dances. Virginia Davis sings.

UNITY. (EUS. 5391.) Cabley's farcical Comedy "No!" Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until July 19: "La Kermesse Heroique" (A). From July 20: "Bicycle Thieves" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., July 19, 7.30. "Caroline Cherie" (X) (French).

PUDOVKIN Memorial: "Storm Over Asia." Two Showings, 5 and 8 p.m., Sat., July 18. Eng. sub-titles. At S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Tickets 2s. 6d. in adv. (WES. 1571), at door 3s.

POLAND Triumphant! National Liberation Day Celebration—Sun., July 19, 7 p.m., Whitehall Theatre. Kyla Greenbaum, Ewan MacColl, W.M.A. Singers, Polish Folk Dance Group. Delightful, colourful evening of music, poetry, song and dance. H.E. the Polish Ambassador will honour the occasion. Mr. Wm. Pearson (Sec. Scot. Area, N.U.M.) will speak. Tickets 2s. 6d. and 1s. from British-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Pl., W.1 (LAN. 6593). Write or call for tickets immediately—no sales at door!

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League: C.L.B. Dance, Sat., July 18, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tickets 4s.

DANCING, pleasant atmosphere at The Blue Danube Club, 153 Finchley Rd., N.W.3, every Sat. & Sun., 8.30-12. Concert classical records, Fridays 8.15. Mems.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Summer Party, N.W.8, nr. Tube, Saturday, July 18, 8-12 p.m. Adm. 3s. For address 'phone PRI. 7038 until 6 p.m. Saturday, afterwards PRI. 0274.

CONCERTS

JAMES Gibb Recital. Beethoven, Shostakovich, Khachaturian. Sat., July 18, 7.30. 2s. 6d., including refmnts. Details: Shelley, HAM. 6277. Hampstead B.S.F.S.

ST. Marylebone Parish Church, N.W.1. Saturday, July 18 at 3.30 p.m. The Renaissance Singers. Director: Michael Howard. Organ: Ralph Downes. Musica Sacra introduced by Denis Stevens. Fayrfax, Monteverdi, Purcell, Greene.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

CATS B.C. 2000—A.D. 1953. 300 paintings, bronzes, ceramics, etc., at the R.W.S. Gallery, 26 Conduit St., W.1. Daily 10-5.

FLOWER Books from the Society of Herbalists. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Aug. 29. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

THE Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Original Drawings by Robert and James Adam. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 'bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

GAINSBOROUGH: Open till August 4. Graham Sutherland: Open till August 9. Arts Council Exhibns. Tate Gallery. Mon., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Wed., Thurs., 10-9; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s. to each exhibition.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Thomas Rowlandson (1756-1827) Drawings and Watercolours and James Gillray (1757-1815) Coloured Engravings. Daily 11-6. Sundays 2-6. closed Mondays.

THE Royal Pavilion, Brighton, will be closed to the public until July 26, owing to the U.N. Civil Aviation Conference being held there.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Summer Exhibition of Modern Paintings.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Coronation Exhibition of Contemporary British Paintings. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

ROYAL College of Art Coronation Year Exhibition, Victoria & Albert Museum, S.W.7 July 11-August 9, inc. 10-6 weekdays and Saturdays; 2.30-6 Sundays. Adm. Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Mary Cassatt (1845-1927): 25 paintings and pastels. First London Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Selected French paintings XIX and XX Century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

SELECTED English 19th Century Paintings at Green & Abbott, 35 St. George Street, W.1. July 2-30.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Names to Remember.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics Sq., W.C.2. Anna Vorster Paintings. Also Picture Lending Library. Dly. 11-6 Sats. inc.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Oil Paintings by A. G. D'Alberto to Until July 25. 10-5 (Sat. 10-12).

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Eleven British Painters—Recent Work. July 3-August 1. Daily 11-6. Sundays 2-6.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Graphic Work of J. Braque. Till July 18. From July 21: Collectors' Choice.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue. Cynthia Fuller. July 12-Aug. 9.

FURNISHING to a Figure. Furn. rooms designed to help those with limited budgets. Heal & Son, 196 Tott. Ct. Rd., W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Space in Colour: Paintings selected by Patrick Heron. Until August 7.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., July 22, 7.30 p.m., at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "The Economic Threat of Japan." Speaker: The Rt. Hon. Arthur Bottomley, M.P. Admn. 2s.

"SOUTH Africa's Liberal Party"—a discussion by South Africans, July 24, 7 p.m. Room 32, Kingsway Hall, W.C.2.

TOM Wardle ("Peace News"): "Passive Resistance," at New Generation Group, Studio House, 1 Hampstead Hill Gdns., Rosslyn Hill, Monday, July 20, at 8 p.m.

BACK from Ellis Island. Stuart Morris, General Secretary Peace Pledge Union, will speak about his experiences on Ellis Island and in the U.S.A. Monday, July 20, 8 p.m. Mary Ward Hall, Tavistock Place, W.C.1. Admission free. Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

R. R. AMPONSAH of the Gold Coast Cocoa Marketing Board, on "Current Events in the Gold Coast," W.A.S.U., 13 Chelsea Embankment, Sun., July 19, 4 p.m.

THE Rosenbergs Should Not Have Died. Help their children. Hear Mrs. Leah Manning, Percy Belcher, Monica Whately, Rev. A. D. Belden. Poem (set to music) by Ethel Rosenberg and their Letters, 7.30 p.m., St. Pancras Town Hall, July 23. National Rosenberg Defence Committee.

ILLUSTRATED Lecture: At the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1, on Wednesday, July 22, 8.15 p.m. "British Painting in the Fifties," by Lawrence Alloway. Members 2s., Guests 5s.

LEONARD Cassini. Talk on Musical Life in Rumania. Met leading composers and musicians during recent visit. Sunday, July 26, at 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2 (Notting Hill Gate Tube), 7.30 p.m. Chair: Harry Francis. British Rumanian Friendship Assn., 40 Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1.

VERNON Rosetti: "Pamphlets and Progress", Hamp. Ethical Soc., 4 p.m. Sat. July 18, Burgh House, Well Walk, N.W.3.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Friday, Jul. 17, 7.15 p.m. Mr. Schonfield "Commonwealth of World Citizens."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. July 19 R. Clements "Social Fact and Fiction." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

RAGHAVAN N. Iyer on "Fashions in Moral Philosophy." Friday, July 24 at 8.15. Chairman: Claude Houghton. All welc. No collection. London Branch, Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2.

M. L. BURNET: "America and Us." At Ethical Church, 41 Inverness Pl., W.2, Sun., July 19, at 11 a.m.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. July 19. "The Mysteries of Character." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Rd.

"SO you're going to the University?" Freshers' conference, Sept. 21-24, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. July 25 at 6 p.m., Senor Juan P. Fabregas: "Los Pueblos del Mar Caribe."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

CONFERENCE on "Democratic Rights for Kenya Africans," Sunday, July 19, 10.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. at Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1. Speakers include Mbiyu Koinange. Chair: Miss Monica Whately. Apply for credentials to Kenya Provisional Ctree., 112 Clarendon Rd., W.11.

THE Isobel Cripps Centre is arranging for new groups to start in the last week of September for a course of 40 evening lessons, one a week, spread over a year allowing for holidays. Those who wish to study a method which will help them to overcome tension and postural faults and leave them able to manage themselves better should apply to the Secretary, The Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Road, Phone PARK 7222. Private lessons continue as usual.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

HISTORY Study Group Adelphi, Buckingham Street, W.C.2, welcomes new students for 1953-4, Mondays 6.45 p.m., beginning Oct. 5; Subject: Religious, Social and Political Movements from Elizabeth I to the Present. Widely experienced teacher, Ph.D.; lively stimulating discussions. Enquiries: TERminus 5195, 8-10 a.m. or write Adelphi, c/o 8 Regent Square, W.C.1.

NEW thought and research on social problems—drop a card now to Research Com. Sec., Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, for full details of Research Communications Project.

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LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8511-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All languages, English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evening Classes. Private tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accommodation arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO 7347.

NORTH-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5 (GUL. 1154). Full-time and part-time day courses beginning Sept. for G.C.E. Adv. level (Arts & Econs. subjects). Prof. business quals., Secretarial work, Management, Commerce, Shthnd.-Typg.

LANGUAGES incl. Russian, English for foreigners, in comf. informal atmosphere at Language Centre, Gayton Rd., N.W.3. Expd. teachers, mod. fees. HAM. 9097.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc. B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

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SPANISH guitar tuition, Segovia style. Beginners' Courses, regardless of age. Free Folder: Len Williams, Spanish Centre, 12 Little Newport Street, W.C.2. GER. 6457.

EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY 2816.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

CHALLENGE to Britain is a personal challenge to all socialists. New Statesman readers can discuss it at Fabian Summer Schools, August 15 September 5. Particulars from Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., London, S.W.1.

GOLDSMITHS' College, New Cross, S.E.14. Evening Department Summer School, Aug. 1-8. Lodge Hill, Pulborough. "The Village." Inclusive charge £5 10s. Write Head, Evening Dept.

A POTTERY Course will be held in Bath, August 17-28. Fee £10 10s. Non-resident. Full details from: John Shelly, The Bath Pottery, Barton Buildings, Bath.

DRAMA Schools. Three Arts Centre, London, W.1. Day School July 27-Aug. 7. 5 1gns. Evening School Aug. 10-21, 4 1gns. Dir.: Marian Naylor. All branches Dramatic Art for teachers, actors, producers. Details: Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

SENSORY Summer School at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, Aug. 19-Sept. 2. Discussion theme with painting, dance & drama, etc.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

ANEURIN Bevan starts in this week's "Tribune" a most important series of articles: "In Place of the Cold War." He discusses current events in Russia and makes far-reaching proposals for negotiation with the Soviet leaders. New readers can obtain the next 9 issues of the paper for 2s. 6d. from "Tribune," 222 Strand, London, W.C.2.

"THE Crown and the Cash."—Commonsense about the Monarchy. Sixpenny pamphlet by Emrys Hughes, M.P., from Housman's Bkshop., 3 Blackstock Rd., N.4.

"MERLIN" English literary quarterly pub. Paris. New issue just out. Articles by Jean Genêt, J. P. Sartre, Henry Miller, 3s. 2d. France Features, 15 New Row, W.C.2.

BOOKS that matter on Sociology are the speciality of the Fabian Bookshop, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

MOUNTAINS, Himalaya, Africa, etc. Lists: Chyngton Books, Seaford, Sussex.

"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. "Commonsense and sincerity"—A. S. Neill. "Can be unreservedly recommended."—Daily Mail. By post 8s. from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

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